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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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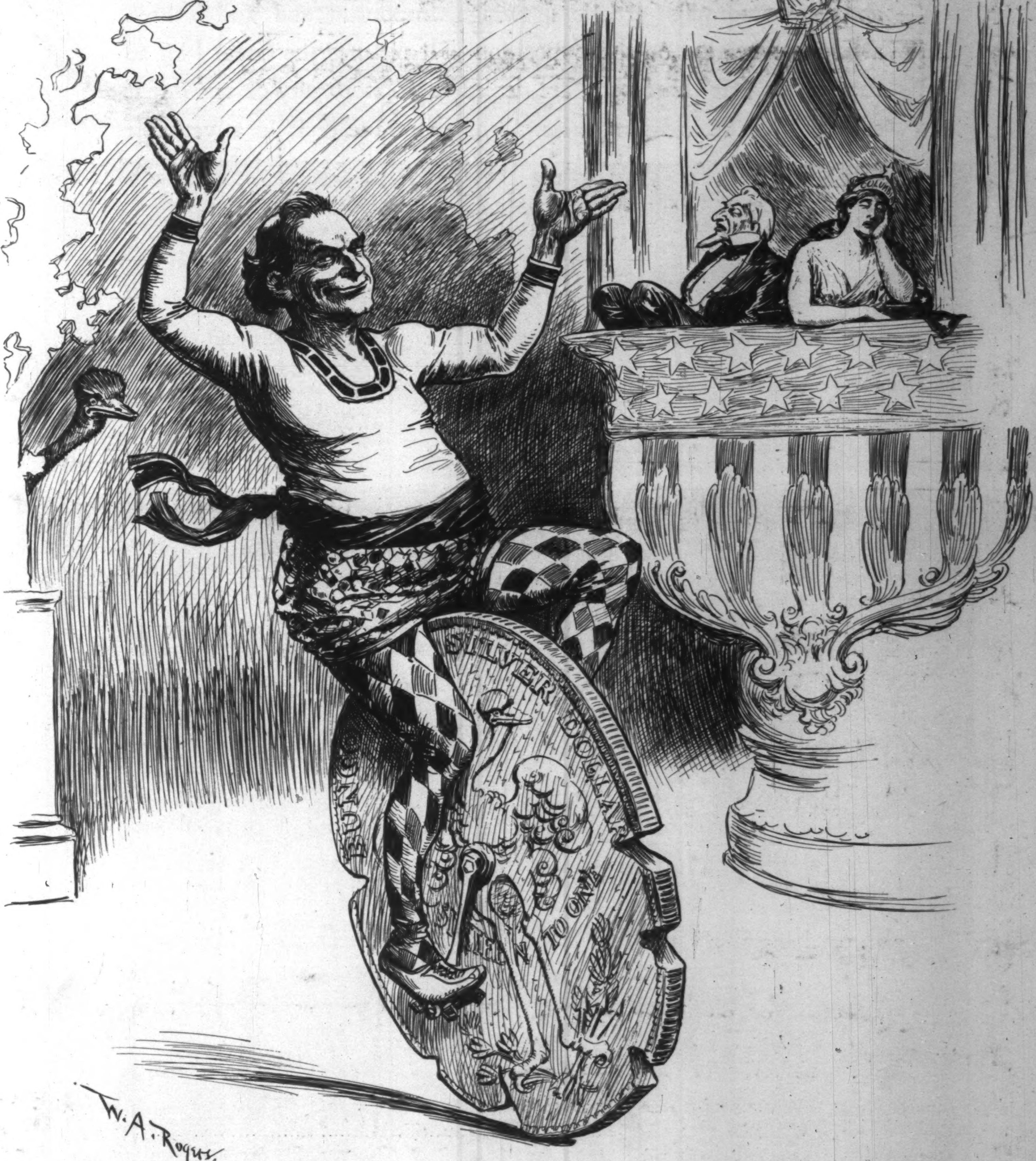
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A TOO-CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE

# *To the Readers of Harper's*

THE Exposition Number of Collier's Weekly is now ready. An Exposition Number in fact as well as in name. It contains 48 pages (equal in size to 160 pages of Harper's Magazine) of actual photographs, artistic drawings, important and well-written articles, all bearing on the Exposition. It pictures the Great Fair so thoroughly that those who are denied the opportunity of visiting it can yet fully realize its glories. For the traveller it is a veritable guide-book, replete with plans, statistics, and general information. It is the most valuable and interesting issue of the year. ☙ ☙

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| | |
|---|---|
| An Exhaustive Article on the Aims and Significance of the Exposition. | **M. GABRIEL HANOTAUX**<br>A Director of the Exposition and Member of the French Academy |
| Interesting Descriptive Matter and Pictures by a corps of writers and artists under the direction of | **V. GRIBAYEDOFF**<br>Our Special Correspondent. |
| The Grand Entrance will be shown, in colors, on the cover, designed by | **J. ALDEN PIERSON** |
| "In the Café des Ambassadeurs," a double-page drawing by | **A. B. WENZELL** |
| Panorama of the Exposition Grounds, with Key. | **CHARLES GRAHAM** |
| A Charming French Love Story. | **MARCEL PRÉVOST**<br>Translated by CAROLINE DUER. |
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| The First of a Series of Short Stories detailing the experiences of an American family abroad. With drawings by T. de Thulstrup. | **ROBERT W. CHAMBERS**<br>Author of "The King in Yellow," etc. |
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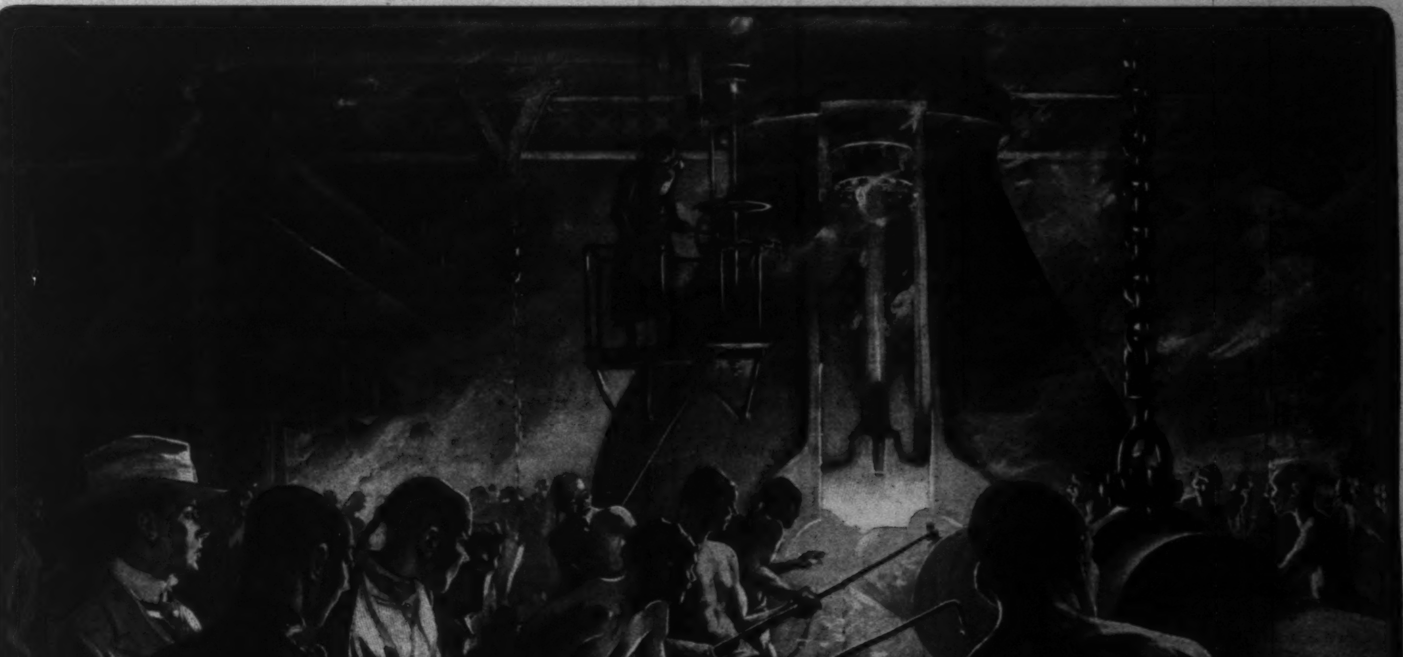

A CHINESE GUN-FOUNDRY, SHANGHAI

DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS

HARPER'S WEEKLY

*(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)*

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 12, 1900

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# *The New Era in Porto Rico*

THERE was some very sensible speaking at the inauguration of Governor Allen at Porto Rico last week, and it is to be hoped that the wise words, both of the retiring military Governor and of the island's new Executive, fell upon listening and appreciative ears. There has been a deal of nonsense written about Porto Rico and the duty of the United States toward its inhabitants in the past few months. It has seemed at times as if much of it was inspired by a no more worthy purpose than a wish to embarrass the administration. What was worse, indications were not wanting to induce the belief that certain misguided Porto-Ricans themselves, for purely partisan reasons, were being led blindly into an antagonism to the constituted authorities, which could have no other result than the prolongation of the disadvantages from which the people were suffering while living under military rule. All that, however, appears to be happily past, and General Davis has turned over his office to Governor Allen; military rule has given way to the civil, and in a great measure the future of Porto Rico is in the hands of her own people.

In relinquishing his authority to Governor Allen, General Davis made a farewell address in which he did more to clear up the situation that exists at present than any speaker upon the question in Congress or out of it. With the directness of the soldier, and without any especial attempt to be eloquent, he gave his hearers a comprehensive view of the exact conditions confronting them. His exposition of their estate was clear to the point that there can be no misunderstanding it, and re-enforced by the earnest and sympathetic inaugural address of Governor Allen it should result in much good. The Porto-Ricans, if they are intelligent, cannot fail to realize that what has been done for them is the best that could be done under the circumstances. They can hardly fail to understand that they must now fall back upon their own energies if they are to take any considerable place among men, and, furthermore, they are not encouraged to believe that they are, or can ever become, a charge upon the people of the United States, a belief which would be productive of much harm to a community dwelling in a climate not conducive at best to vigorous methods of work. The people of the United States have attained to a large degree of prosperity by a constant, unremitting devotion to hard work. They have met hardships and they have shirked nothing. Nothing would be more unfortunate for the Porto-Ricans than to be led to believe that without a similar schooling in trial and in effort great wealth and happiness are to come to them. Anything that can be done to teach them to be strong and vigorous and self-reliant citizens, to love labor not only for its rewards but for itself, will not be wasted effort.

As conditions present themselves to-day, as General Davis said, "no island in any sea has a fairer future of peace, happiness, and prosperity," but peace, happiness, and prosperity do not come to those who wait for them, but to those who seek them out with all the energy at their command. The Porto-Rican's duty to-day is to help, by sincere and earnest co-operation with the new Executive, to prove the truth of General Davis's prophecy. As for ourselves at home, the truest patriotism demands that we shall bend our energies toward making Governor Allen's work a success along the lines laid down for him by the laws of the land, and not by captious criticism and nagging comment place obstacles in the pathway of the Porto-Rican to prosperity for the sake of some petty political advantage which the obstructive course may seem temporarily to give us.

**National Guard Squabbles**

ONE expects a soldier to do his duty, and it is unquestionably true that it is a soldier's duty to fight, but there is some difference between fighting and quarrelling. The best soldier does not quarrel. He shoots to kill in action, but out of action he will sit down and break bread with his enemy. It is about time that some of our National Guardsmen learned this fact. For some time past, we regret to observe, there has been a quarrelsome spirit manifesting itself among our militiamen, and in the minds of a great many sane people this spirit is weakening the Guard in discipline, as well as in public esteem. The worst feature of the situation is that the quarrels are among the officers and not down below in the ranks. General Boom goes to a Military Show in evening dress, and is not greeted with a salute of sixteen or twenty guns, to which he is entitled, because Corporal Binks, who has never before laid eyes on General Boom, does not know him from any other of the three thousand well-dressed civilians in the building. Thereupon, General Boom publicly remonstrates with poor Corporal Binks, and Colonel Jiggins, Corporal Binks's commanding officer, waxes wroth, because if there is any scolding to be done, it is his pleasant duty to do it and not General Boom's. A tart correspondence follows, and the affair creeps into the papers as ANOTHER SCANDAL IN THE NATIONAL GUARD, and the suffering public sigh wearily, and forgetting the great value and distinguished services of the militiamen as a body, wish the whole force might be sent to the Philippine Islands, or to some other spot, where they and their quarrels would be temporarily lost sight of.

The Governor should take hold of these quarrelling officers and induce them to reform. No good comes of their squabbles, and because of them a finely constituted and highly useful branch of the authority of the State is discredited. Meanwhile our militia generals, when they travel about in evening dress in search of salutes, should be compelled to wear placards on their shirt fronts telling who they are, in simple justice to their subordinates, who would probably be only too glad to salute them if they had any means of distinguishing them from the thousands of other plain-looking people who happen to be present at the same time.

**A Suggestion for Washington**

IT is a great pity that there is not in existence in Washington at this moment a Register's Office where the various owners of our legislators may record their title-deeds. The lack of such a department in the public service results in much confusion of the public mind as to the rights of the citizens of the United States in their Senators and Representatives. For instance, within the past six months we have been notified at various intervals in certain of the public prints that the Senate is the property of the Standard Oil Company; of the Sugar Trust; of the Whiskey Trust; of the Tobacco Trust, with now and then a hint that Coal Barons, and Steel Magnates, and Lumber Kings, and Molasses Marquises hold a controlling interest in that honorable body, until no one is able to say to whom it really does belong. It really seems as if these various and conflicting ownerships should be more clearly defined, and the simplest method to bring about this desirable condition would lie in the establishment of a Registry Office, where the owners of Senators, as soon as they are elected, might record the material evidence of their proprietary rights. If the gentleman from Montana, for instance, should happen to belong to the Copper Trust, the Copper Trust should be able definitely to prove its ownership by official records; if a Senator from Massachusetts, by some fortuitous circumstance, is the property of the Tooley Club of Boston, the Tooley Club's rights should be fully protected, and so on through the whole body. Such a course, too, would simplify matters of legislation in which the several Senate-owning corporations are interested. It would be a convenience, for instance, to the Standard Oil people, if they should find, in the case of an emergency, that they did not own enough Senators to pass a bill they wished passed, to be able to look up the records, and after ascertaining just what corporations were long on Senators for the time being, to borrow a sufficient number to accomplish their cherished purpose.

Some plan along this line would settle definitely certain important matters in which the public have a vital interest, but concerning which at present they are wholly in the dark. But what is even better than this, it would make it quite unnecessary for our newspapers to announce to the world from day to day some new controlling and corrupting factor in our National Councils.

**The Hepburn Bill**

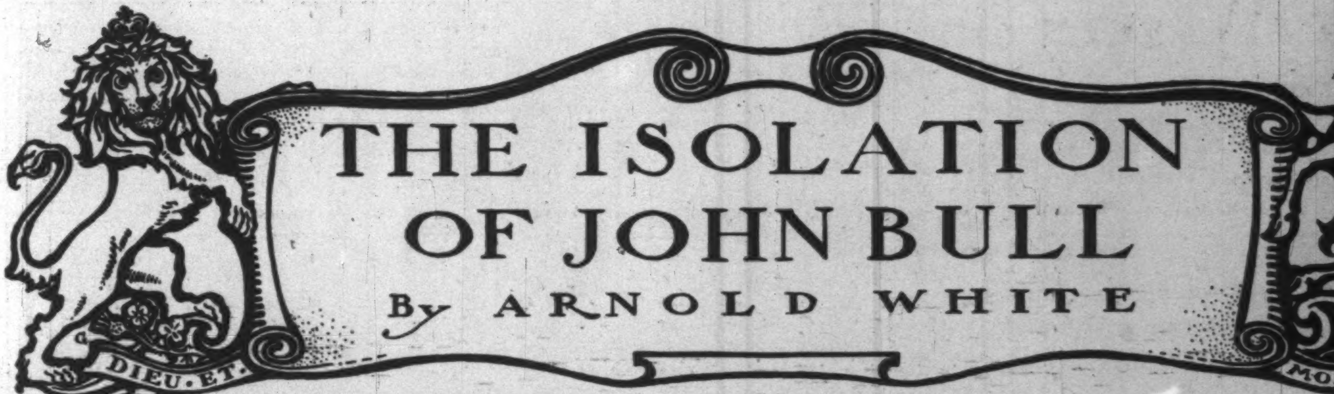
AFTER much discussion, some of which was pertinent and much of which was impertinent, the Hepburn bill providing for the "excavation, construction, completion, and defence" of the Nicaragua Canal has passed the House of Representatives, by a very comfortable majority, and we are now just about as far along in the matter as we were before. The Senate is not likely to take the measure up, and unless some at present wholly unexpected bit of excavation is quickly instituted by some as yet unknown statesman, it will require superhuman efforts to dig the bill out of the depths of oblivion to which it will now be relegated. Barring the fact that it ignores certain international amenities and bounds lightly over obstacles of a rather serious nature, the bill is on the whole not a bad one. It is one of those common-sense measures which seem to arouse so much antagonism among illustrious thinkers. It is the sort of measure that one would suspect to have been prepared by a solid business man who realized the value of directness of speech, and who proposed to attend to his own affairs in the simplest possible fashion; but all of this will not save it. As notice to the world that the people of the United States wish to have the canal constructed it undoubtedly serves a good purpose, and since its passage involves nothing else no particular harm is done. If foreigners do not understand it it is their own fault, and altogether it makes little difference whether they understand it or not, so long as we do not turn our backs upon any of our moral obligations. The canal should belong to us if it is to belong to anybody, and Mr. Hepburn's bill should be regarded merely as an emphatic expression of our opinion that such is the fact.

The next thing to be done is to put other pressing matters in such shape that a bill similar to that of Mr. Hepburn's may some day be passed with reasonable hope of becoming the law of the land. In short, before we begin to "excavate" the canal we have got to extricate it. With wise statesmanship at Washington, and there is a deal of it at present in our State Department, this should not prove an insurmountable task.

**As to Aguinaldo**

AS this issue of the Weekly goes to press there is a rumor current that Aguinaldo is dead. We sincerely hope that the rumor will prove to be incorrect, for we should like to have that strenuous Filipino spared to learn and to enjoy, as we believe he would, the benefits of American civilization. It is not many months since, through the efforts of the American navy, a brave Spanish warrior was brought low. He was captured after a valiant fight, and as a prisoner of war was brought in captivity to the United States. His captivity, as it turned out, was the captivity of a guest who cannot escape the attentions of a courteous though somewhat insistent host; and we are confident that when Admiral Cervera left us he held certain regrets that circumstances made it impossible for him to remain permanently among us. We think Aguinaldo would have found himself in much the same position if he had surrendered to the American forces, say, at some time in November last. He would have been sent hither, and his punishment would have been a continuous ovation, such is the temper of the American people. Next to a brave man we love the chap who puts up a fine front against overwhelming odds, and right or wrong—we are not discussing that point—that is what Aguinaldo has done. The prisoner of war of the American nation is more apt to be deprived of his digestion than of his liberty, and we have a notion that if Aguinaldo had come to us as a captive in December last he would have found a welcome which would have astonished and soothed his lacerated soul, whatever effect it might have had upon his liver.

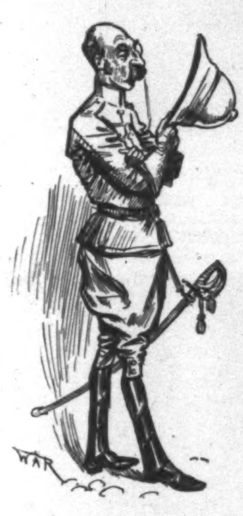
If it be true, as reported, that he is dead, let it be recorded that he has had the courage of his convictions and has been sturdy in his fight for independence, however misguided. If he is alive, as we hope he is, may his surrender come soon. We should like to have him come among us, to discover that, whatever our faults, we are not all members of the Anti-Imperialist League, with no true ideas as to what constitutes the highest patriotism.



# THE ISOLATION OF JOHN BULL

## By ARNOLD WHITE

JOHN BULL'S old age is not all idyl. At a time of life when repose is preferable to action he finds himself threatened by his enemies, hustled by his cousins, and, worst of all, bustled by his children. Seniority makes him sedate and sleepy, but nevertheless he is compelled to dance to others' piping, when the enjoyment of a long pipe and a pot of ale in a recumbent posture are far more to his taste than repeating the triumphs of his youth in the dance of the young nations. Owing partly to the mistakes of the French—or rather of Napoleon, who had not a drop of French blood in his veins—and partly to the exceptional luck of Pitt, Nelson, and Sea Power being contemporary factors in the national equation at the beginning of the century, John Bull, stubby and plethoric as he is, obtained nearly one hundred years' start in the world race for empire. The stakes were immense. Latins, Teutons, Scandinavians, and Slavs had tried and failed; but the temperate places of the earth passed into Anglo-Saxon hands, and to-day there are none left, or, at all events, not enough to go round. The consequence is that while John Bull says, with the air of a man who has dined well, "I have all I want. Just leave me in peace, and I will neither invade nor worry anybody, I seek neither gold nor territory," the other nations say: "No. You have done more than gain all you want; you have laid hands on all that we want, and are about to annex (by suppressing a brace of republics) taxable wealth to the amount of ten thousand million dollars. If you desire to keep what you have amassed the price of safety is ability to defend it." This is the secret of John Bull's isolation. A couple of little foggy islands in the Northern Sea, one over-populated, with Protestants, the smaller disaffected to the larger—which is parasitic, inasmuch as it is inhabited mainly by street-dwelling people unable to grow their own food and dependent on pro-Boers for sustenance—for them safety is only insured by an adequate army, an incomparable diplomacy, and a supreme navy.


*The well-born British Officer.*

As to the adequate army, John Bull has just exhibited delirious delight because he succeeded, with an army of 213,000, scraped together no one knows how, in raising the siege of two beleaguered towns on his own soil, and in capturing a pious and efficient but badly dressed fighting-man whose forces all told were not more than one-tenth of the British army opposed to them. As fighting-men the British army is courageous rather than astute, while the influence of smart society and the possession of means are factors in determining the appointment of generals greater than those supplied by the efficiency and capacity of the generals themselves. Another peculiarity of the well-born British officer is that if he himself is not brainy, he denies the gift of reason to his enemies.

With regard to the incomparable diplomacy, which is the second condition of safety in isolation: a little ring of 120 persons has managed to capture and hold the Foreign Office kopje against all comers. They spend £269,500 a year upon themselves, and devote the time they can spare from snubbing their countrymen to grovelling before Germany and fawning on France. The seizure and surrender of the *Herzog* and the *Bundesrath*, the abandonment of Heligoland and Samoa in response to the growls of Germany, are examples of John Bull's incomparable diplomacy. He was offered Delagoa Bay in Lord Granville's time for $60,000, but declined the bargain as too dear, although Sir Robert Morier told him all that was meant by its refusal. For ten long years he has suffered the Delagoa Bay arbitration to drag on, much to the advantage of the salaried arbitrators and the prejudice of American citizens interested on the British side. In thus acting, his incomparable diplomacy has killed arbitration for our time. With regard to France, John Bull's incomparable diplomacy nearly brought on a war over the Fashoda question—a war that would have broken out if the French had suspected that the British army was unready and ill led, or would have lost twenty-three guns to the Boers before the soil of the Transvaal was touched. The incomparable diplomacy of Britain contrasts ill with the unprofessional but highly capable representatives of the United States who speak for their country abroad. No American ambassador ever yet subjected his country to the humiliation of being handed his passports in consequence of an act of folly so egregious as to leave his government without means of defending him. The Sackville indiscretion is remembered in isolated Britain like the 29th of February, every fourth year.

As to the existence of a supreme navy to countervail his isolation John Bull has qualms. As I write, the following Navy League placard is posted on the railway stations and on the hoardings of London:

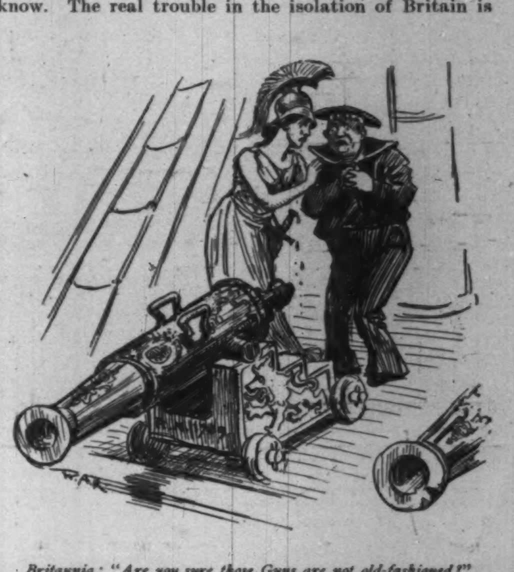
INVASION!

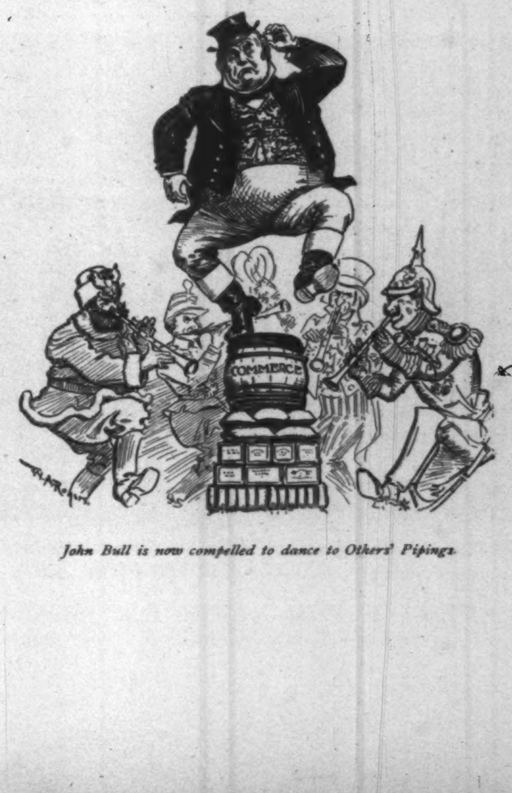
IS OUR NAVY STRONG ENOUGH TO STOP IT?

1. Are we short of Battle-ships and Cruisers?
2. Are sixteen of our Battle-ships armed with obsolete Guns?
3. Would our ships burn like Tar-Barrels?
4. Are our Guns the best procurable?
5. Have we 35,000 Foreign Seamen in our Merchant-Ships?
6. Is Government alive to the danger?

John Bull buys his picric acid in Germany, and possesses no armor-plate factory of his own.

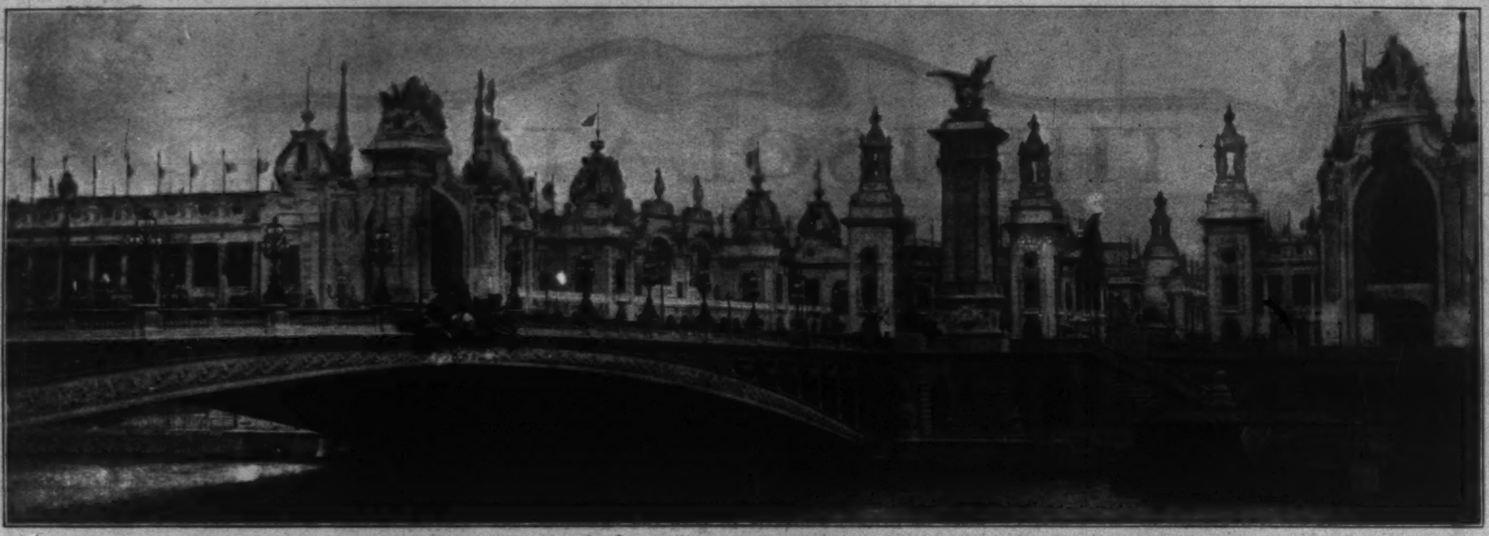
In considering the isolation of the British Empire the weak spot revealed is the absence of responsibility that pervades the whole of our administrative system. The microbe of law and order infects the blood of the Anglo-Saxon to such an extent that if three Britishers are cast on a desert island one is elected chairman and they resolve themselves into a committee to carry on the government on the principles of Magna Charta. But when the government gets settled it ceases to move, and becomes as obsolete as a muzzle-loading gun. Responsibility exists nowhere. Not one cabinet minister, judge of the High Court, colonial governor or viceroy, civil servant at the head of a department, general at the head of his forces, or First Lord of the Admiralty is really accountable. What is called cabinet responsibility is gaseous froth. Theoretically the cabinet is responsible for every detailed act of every minister. Really responsibility is so diffused as to be intangible as the odor of musk. To maintain empire three things are necessary—power, responsibility, and knowledge. In the British Empire the people have power and responsibility, but not knowledge. India is governed with success only in consequence of the neglect of Parliament. Were Parliament habitually to intervene, the brilliant abilities of Lord Curzon and his American wife would not avail for ten minutes against the ruin that would be wrought by the intervention of the rhetoricians. The War Office and Admiralty systems are Chaldee to the uninitiated, and it is only when the British administrative system received a fortunate shock by three defeats in one black week in December that healthy public opinion wakes up to the reflection that John Bull's isolation is a fact that has come to stay. Empires rise and fall in strict accordance with the level of efficiency maintained in the public service. Decay and inefficiency may proceed far before the collapse arrives in time of peace, but when successful war is the condition of existence, then nepotism, favoritism, jobbery, are fatal to continued empire. The danger to the British Empire in its isolation is that those who know the facts cannot act, while the masses of the people, who pay and determine policy, do not know. The real trouble in the isolation of Britain is one that lies outside the sphere of legislation. The remedy is not enclosed within the four corners of any act of Parliament. The legal draughtsman does not exist who could draw the clauses that would remedy the evil. Elementary morality is lacking in the Parliamentary system, and unless honesty of purpose and truthfulness of statement are adopted as principles by the state in dealing with foreigners and domestic affairs alike, it is certain that disaster will overtake us.


*Britannia: "Are you sure those Guns are not old-fashioned?"*

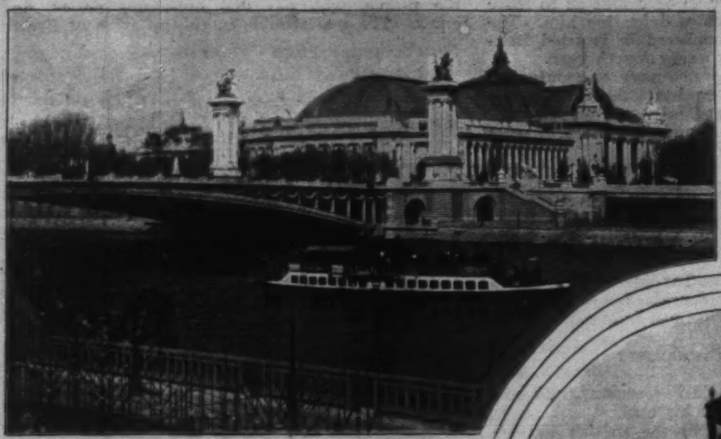


*John Bull is now compelled to dance to Others' Pipings.*

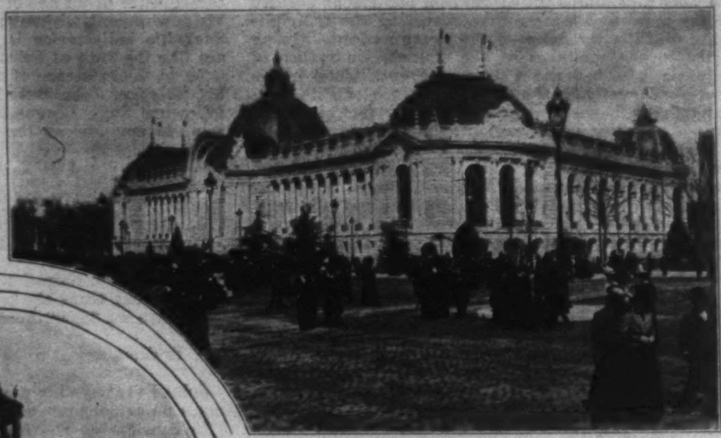
People who are alive to the isolation of England look back on the great French wars, and derive comfort and even pride from the survey. But is there much reason for pride? Steam and the three-cylinder engine with electricity have equalized matters since French and Russian commerce was swept from the sea and England went to war with Denmark with insolent levity on the question of maritime etiquette. In the year of Trafalgar the sea-borne trade of the empire was worth £200,000,000. To-day it is £3,500,000,000. The population to be fed has increased from 16,000,000 to 40,000,000, while the empire extends not only over 11,250,000 square miles of territory, but wherever the surface of the planet is washed by salt water. With such responsibilities the 40,000,000 people have relinquished the task of supplying themselves with food. The British Isles are as parasitically dependent on pro-Boers for the means of physical existence as the tick on the hide of a Texas steer. Under these circumstances it might be imagined that the British public would court the favor of the world by maintaining silence when unable to speak favorably of neighboring nations. So far from policy or prudence dictating our attitude—I do not speak of cultured people—the bearing of too many Englishmen towards foreigners is that of a wise giant towards a dissipated and undersized stranger. An English newspaper, for example, recently published a map of France, in which the country was divided up between the powers. That Frenchmen resent being regarded as though their nation was a degenerate monkey at the end of a string is natural, and since the language of diplomacy happens to be French, their means of retaliation is by no means despicable even in time of peace. With the exception of the United States, every nation derives its chief impressions of Britain either direct from French Anglophobe writers or from translations or epitomes of their works. Russians and Italians, for instance, thus look at England through French spectacles, and the result is an isolation neither splendid nor desirable. Germans, it is true, form their own judgment, and since they want the very things that we possess—colonies, ships, and trade—the fire of their animosity requires no additional fuel from French sources.



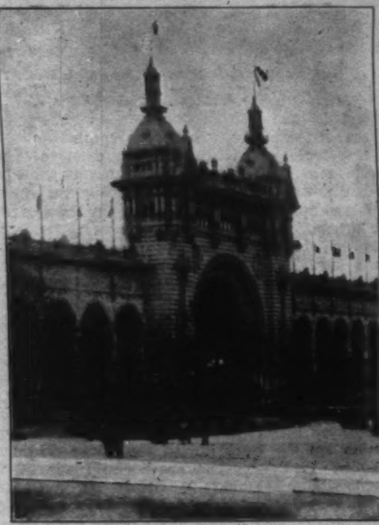
THE ALEXANDER III. BRIDGE AND THE ESPLANADE DES INVALIDES.



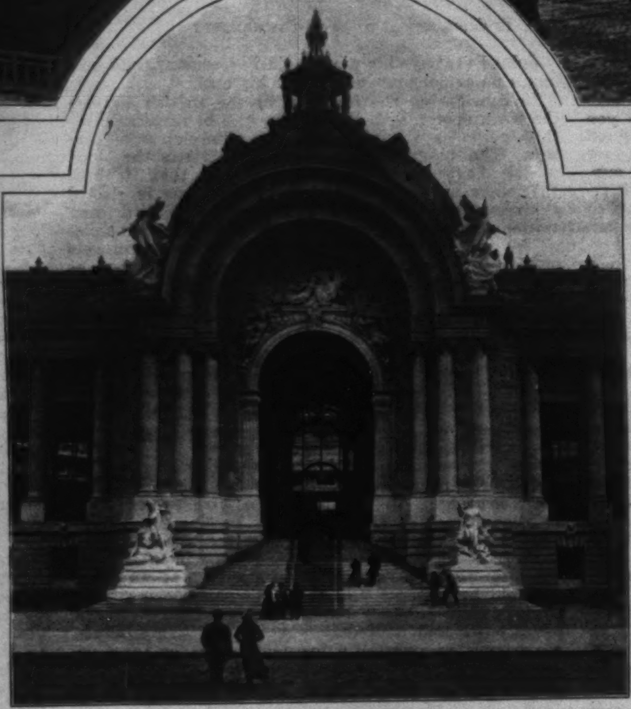
THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS.



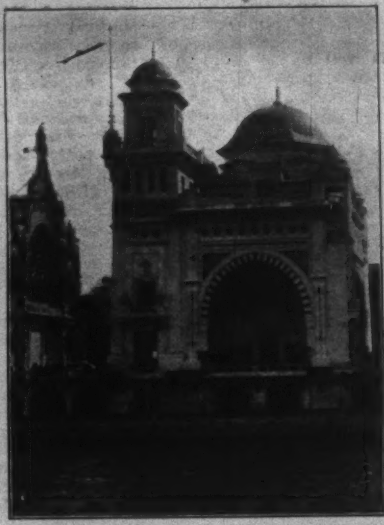
THE PETIT PALACE.



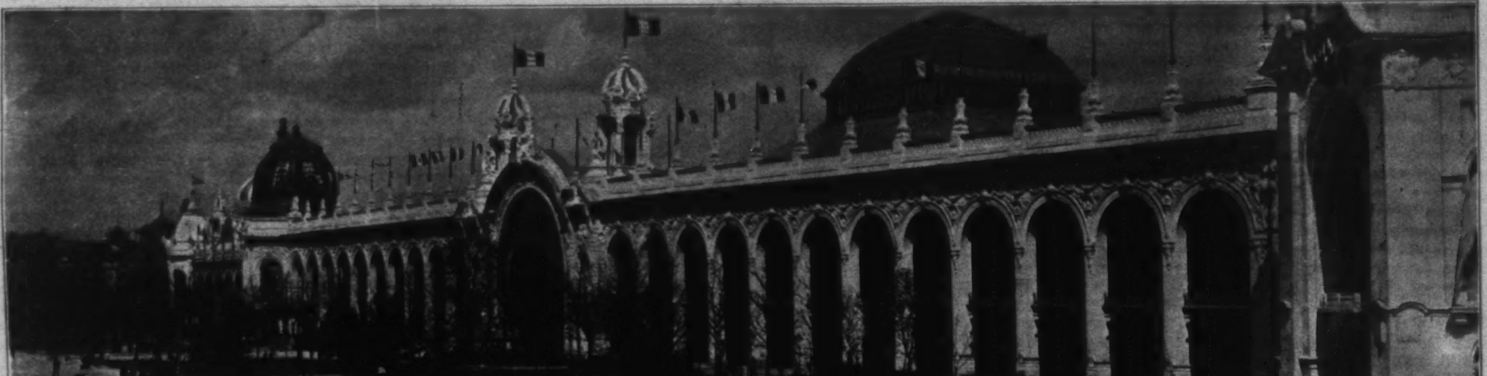
TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.



ENTRANCE TO THE PETIT PALACE.



THE TURKISH BUILDING.



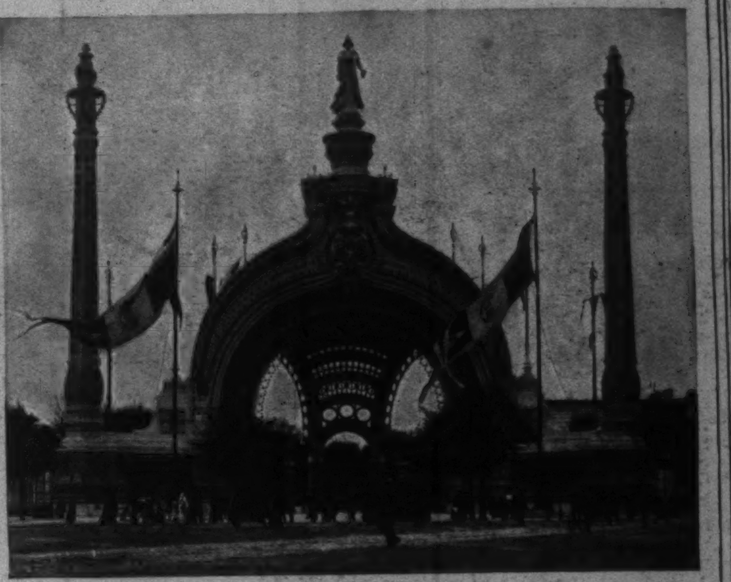
PALACE OF TEXTILE FABRICS.

## SCENES AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

# FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION

## BY EDWARD INSLEY



COMPARISONS may not always be odious—or "odorous," as Shakspere prefers to say—but they are apt to be unfair, and particularly so when formed from first impressions. He who approaches the Paris Exposition for the first time by the Porte Monumentale, or main entrance, at the Place de la Concorde, the one nearest the centre of the city, having in his mind a mental panorama of the beautiful White City by Lake Michigan in 1893, will experience disappointment at the threshold. Later he will discover that the Monumental entrance is a monumental libel on the Exposition, the most inartistic thing in a city of artistic triumph. But this article has to do with first impressions.

The French people themselves have no thought of comparing their Exposition with the World's Fair at Chicago. For why? they would ask, idiomatically, if such an idea were suggested. Did not French architects *make* the Chicago Exposition? And have they not surpassed themselves in Paris this year?

There is another reason. Most of the official party from France in attendance at the opening of the World's Fair suffered from the depressing influence of the bad weather of that spring in Chicago, longed for the brilliant sunshine of their own dear Paris, and returned before the skies cleared and the crowds came, reporting that the World's Fair was a failure. The famous Guard Republic band, which made one not very successful American visit many years ago, had planned to go to the Fair, but these reports caused the engagement to be cancelled. That was a "first impression," but it still obtains in Paris.

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Perhaps nine-tenths of the Americans who are coming to Paris this year were at Chicago in 1893, and their first impulse will be to institute comparisons—which is commendable for its patriotism, at least. It is well to reflect at such a time, however, that the first impressions at Chicago were not uniformly of a pleasing order. This applies to most of those who went to Jackson Park by railroad or street car, and arrived at the unsightly back door of the Fair. Nothing like an impressive entrance was attempted by the architects excepting on the lake side, and fortunate was he whose first glimpse of the White City was from the lake.

Looking back at it now, as I saw it first on a summer's evening from the water-side, with its lights and gleaming palaces, it seemed a fairy-land, a dream-city by the waves. I have never seen anything that remotely suggested its marvellous beauty except the illumination of the North River and harbor at New York during the Dewey celebration. By day the view from the lake was hardly less inspiring. It was like discovering a veritable Atlantis. Landing at the Water Gate, its simple perfection scarcely preparing us for the burst of beauty from the Court of Honor within, that unrivalled production of artistic genius, peerless to this day among the artificial delights upon which the most favored eye has feasted, we found this inscription: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them."

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The felicitous sentences on the Water Gate written by President Eliot breathed in every word the genius of the New World, which the Fair itself symbolized—freedom, progress, hope for the future. The antithesis of all that they suggested or expressed strikes one forcibly in the Porte Monumentale. A conventional Winged Victory, our Madison Square Garden Diana, or any one of the countless undraped goddesses, good or bad, mythological or physiological, which are in evidence everywhere in Paris, would have been more in harmony with the crudest artistic instinct than the blasé Parisienne, clad in evening costume and opera cloak of the latest fashion, perched on such a dizzy height that one wonders at her seeming self-possession. But there she roosts, not satisfied even with that altitude, but perking up her nose to a degree that makes a balloon excursion necessary to obtain a view of her face. She is Paris welcoming the world. She does it with a disdainful mien, her *left* hand extended, her right hand turned back, palm outward, as if to say:

"Yes, I am Paris. You may look at my Exposition. It is wonderful, of course. It is mine. Don't touch my skirts."

None of the French courtesy about it. Not a hint of hearty welcome. Simply a personification of intolerant vanity. Worst of all, it is inartistic.

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I said that the Porte Monumentale was the antithesis of the Water Gate at the World's Fair. Perhaps I may now make my idea clearer. It is carried out in the plan of the Exposition, which in theory is composed of two grand divisions, one being the present state of development in science and art, and the other retrospective. The latter is chiefly French. With this aspect of the Exposition, La Parisienne above the Monumental Gate is not entirely out of harmony. She herself poses as the *fin de siècle* paragon. That which she condescends to permit you to see is the storehouse of her treasures. Nothing suggests the future, progress, the conquering of new worlds.

There are cynics who will be inclined, after a few experiences with Paris hotel and shop keepers, with their monumental elevation of prices, to regard La Parisienne as quite typical of Paris to-day, interpreting correctly her "grandiose hospitality" to the stranger within her gates. But these conditions have prevailed at other expositions, and the incongruous figure on the high perch certainly is not emblematic of the Exposition itself. Nor must it be taken for granted that artistic Paris approves of M. Moreau-Vauthier's work. There has been a vast deal of discussion and comment about it, mainly uncomplimentary, and at one time scaffolding was put up around the skirts of La Parisienne to assist her in descending from her uncomfortable position. Subsequently the scaffolding came down, but she did not. It was explained to me that this change of purpose was not due to the fear of a revolution or coup d'état, but merely apprehension for the safety of the present ministry.

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At its inception the Porte Monumentale was logical enough. The Exposition this year has come down to the Place de la Concorde, that vast expanse of stone and monument between the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, the grandest "place" in the world, perpetuating in the daily life of Paris the memory of its cruelest, most tragic, most characteristic history. The opportunity given to M. Binet was a great but difficult one. The size of the Place de la Concorde was sure to dwarf whatever structure was erected. Even the Arc de Triomphe would suffer in such an environment. But genius loves to solve problems. The least he was expected to do was to make his work artistic.

M. Binet intrusted the crowning feature of the Porte to young Moreau-Vauthier, who had achieved great success at last year's Salon. Only twenty-eight years old, Moreau-Vauthier was inspired by the enthusiasm of youth. Other artists had been modelling nude figures, or figures in simple Greek costume, for centuries. The time had come for a new era in art. The world could not go on forever perpetuating nudity or the half-clad age of the Greeks. Pre-Raphaelitism, the cult of dreamers, must give way at the beginning of a new century to realistic art. Venus with clothes? Certainly. Venus wears clothes in these days, and clothes made by Parisian tailors, too. So Venus was put into stays and petticoats.

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In England there are many familiar examples of the modishly dressed woman in important monuments, nor do they offend the eye. Queen Anne or Queen Victoria on a pedestal of moderate height does not seem out of place. In the gardens of the Luxembourg there is a bust of Watteau on a curved coping of stone, and beside it a lady in the dress of the time of Louis XV., offering him flowers. She is the very picture of grace in her natural pose. Place her on top of the Eiffel Tower and then shudder!

Novelty is doubly displeasing if it fails of its purpose, and one is apt to be too harsh with young Moreau-Vauthier. Taken down from her lofty pinnacle, La Parisienne might not look half bad. The modelling seems to be good. It is the idea which transgresses. It is for this reason that, as Swinburne says, "no good art is unbeautiful, but much able and effective work may be and is."

There are other glaring incongruities about this interesting freak. But enough of the Porte Monumentale and of La Parisienne. To get a fairer and more pleasing first impression, take some one of the many other entrances. The most effective of them all—not for the gate itself, which is a mere ticket-office—but for the grand view which greets the eye, is the one from the Champs Elysées between the two new fine-art buildings. These handsome palaces, which are to be permanent additions to the attractions of Paris, flank the broad thoroughfare on either side, and in the middle foreground is the new Alexander III. Bridge, the finest in the city. Sweeping on across the bridge, the eye takes in the Exposition buildings which line the Esplanade des Invalides, and at the end of the wonderful avenue the gilded dome beneath which rest the mortal remains of the great Napoleon. It is the only place in the irregular and rambling domain of the Exposition where the desire for perspective is catered to with much success.

To some persons the approach by way of the river will prove still more pleasing. Boats of several lines make regular trips up and down the Seine; but visitors are not apt to use them except for pleasure, the hotel district and residential quarters most frequented by foreigners not being near the river-banks. The Exposition this year occupies both sides of the river from a point near the Pont de la Concorde to beyond the Trocadéro, and the boats carry one almost through the heart of the great fair. Few of the large buildings are visible from the water, but the pavilions of the foreign nations along the Quai d'Orsay are seen at their best in this way, and a good idea is obtained of the extent of the Exposition. There was nothing at Chicago as "pretty" as this river-course, but the bend in the river destroys the perspective.

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The Trocadéro entrance ranks next in sightliness—after one has passed through the Trocadéro "Palace" itself. On the same side of the river are the colonial exhibits—as near an approach to the Midway as will be found. Across the pont d'Jéna rises the gigantic Eiffel Tower, spoiling but not hiding the view of the Champ de Mars beyond. From the Jéna bridge the landscape compels admiration. To the right, down the river, is a refreshing glimpse of green hills in the direction of Versailles, and closing in on the other sides, lining the water's edge and spreading out in all directions, are the multifarious attractions of the great Exposition. The narrow strip of green hills towards Versailles furnishes a small but striking bit of contrast, like that which Mr. Alexander has used so effectively in one of his best-known pictures—it is called the "Green Bow," I believe.

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One result of the spreading out of the Exposition area, particularly down the river-banks to the Pont de la Concorde, has been to diminish the power for monopolizing the attention at the beginning which the Eiffel Tower exerted in 1889. Then the eye sought this mighty spire, even as the traveller approached the city. He looked for it when he started to visit the Exposition. Its soaring pinnacle kept his chin in the air when he passed through the gates. He was drawn irresistibly into the shadow of its immense legs, and the closer he came, the more its hugeness impressed him. Everything else seemed to suffer by comparison. But the Eiffel Tower is less important this year. It may still prove to be the most popular single attraction, but it has lost its novelty for most of those who will see the Exposition, and hence has been shorn of much of its power for doing evil to the artistic perception. It was half of the Exposition of 1889. This year it is merely a side show.

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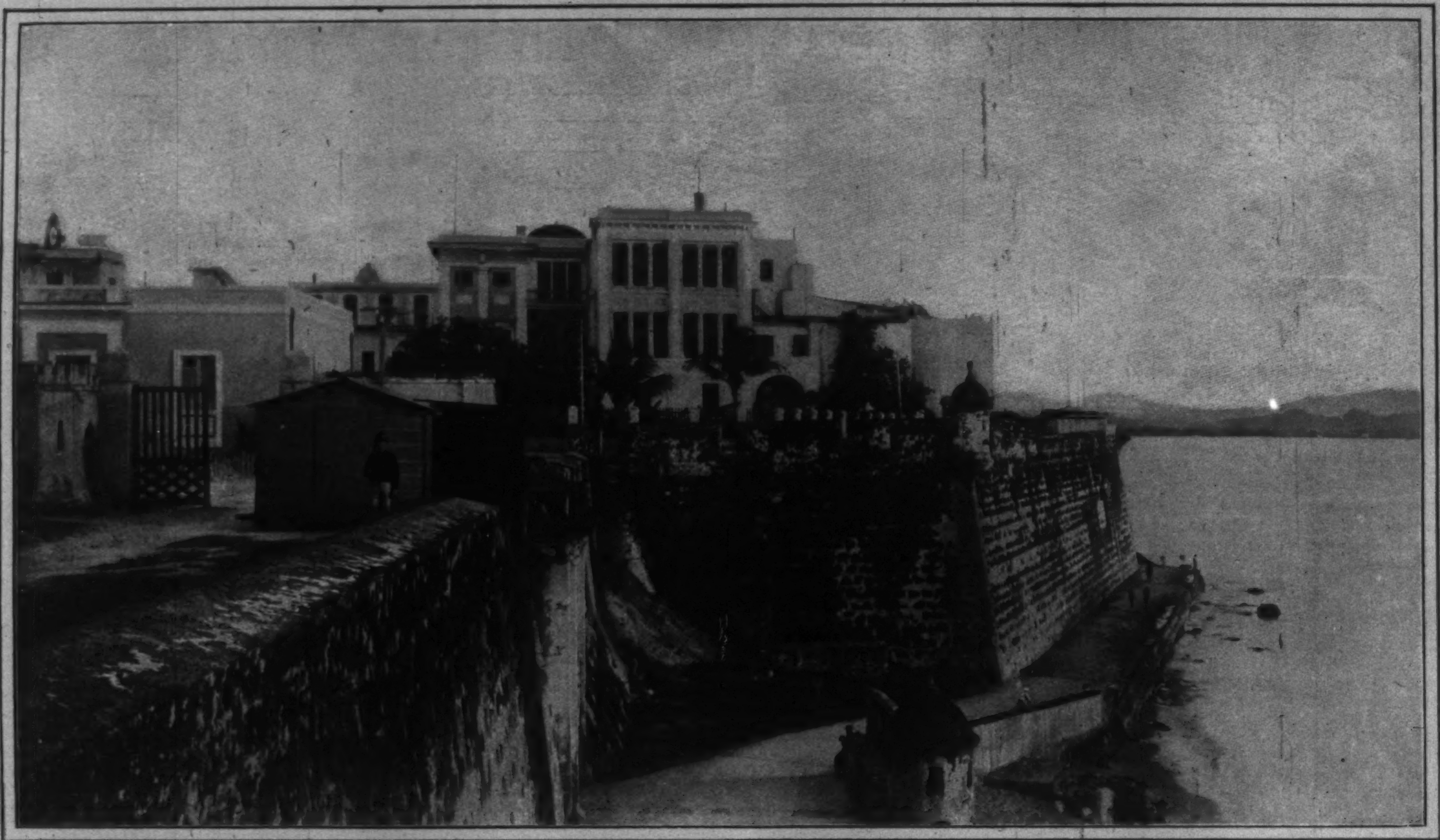
A comparison of the Exposition of this year with that of 1889 gives a much better idea of the present one to those who were here eleven years ago than any comparison with the World's Fair would afford. With only half the space that was used at Chicago, it was impossible to surpass the Lake City in all respects. But by providing an annex at Vincennes for the cumbersome railroad exhibit, the bicycles, automobiles, and some other features, the available area of the Exposition proper was greatly increased, and the buildings this year cover nearly sixty per cent. more ground than those in 1889. In nearly all things that go to make up an exposition this one is much greater than the World's Fair at Chicago. Americans might as well grasp this fact with their other "first impressions." Fifty nations are participating, and the number and character of their exhibits are in almost an equal proportion greater than at Chicago.

With our geographical and other disadvantages it would be a marvel if this were not so.



THE PALACE, HEADQUARTERS OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IN PORTO RICO, AND EXECUTIVE MANSION.

LOOKING SEAWARD FROM THE LIVING-APARTMENTS.

THRONE-ROOM, NOW USED AS AN OFFICE.

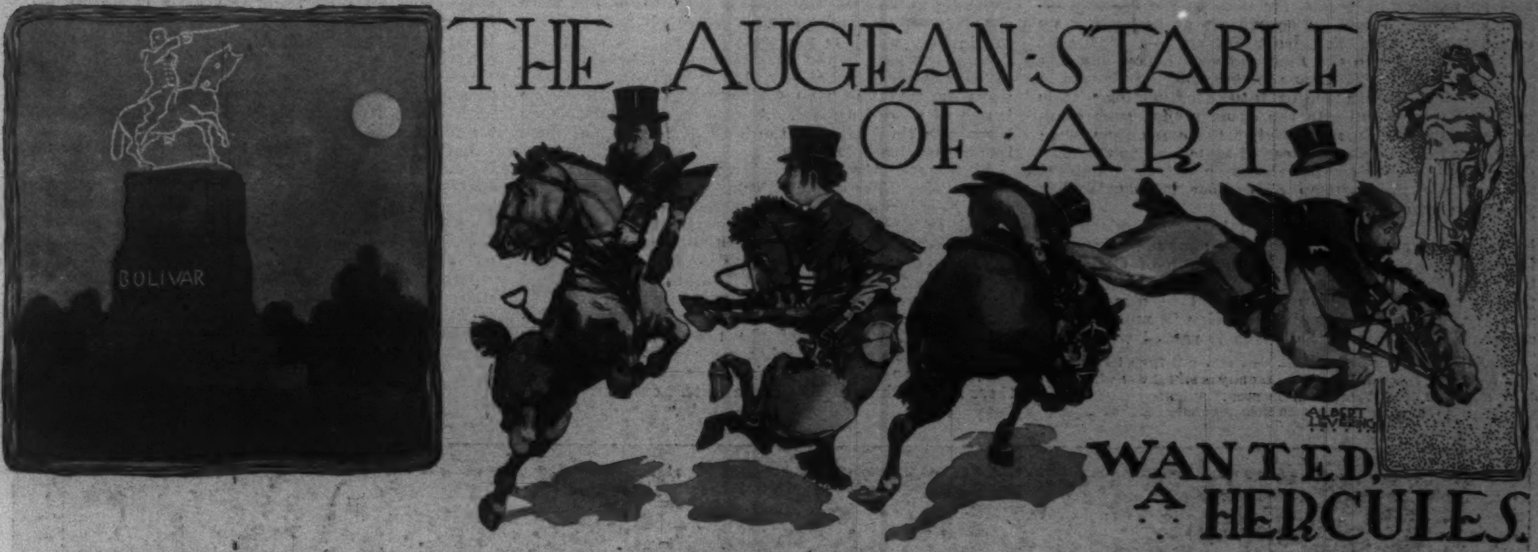
PRIVATE PARLOR, OR WHITE ROOM.

RECEPTION-ROOM, ADJOINING GOVERNOR'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

PORTO RICO—CIVIL-GOVERNOR CHARLES H. ALLEN'S OFFICIAL RESIDENCE AT SAN JUAN.

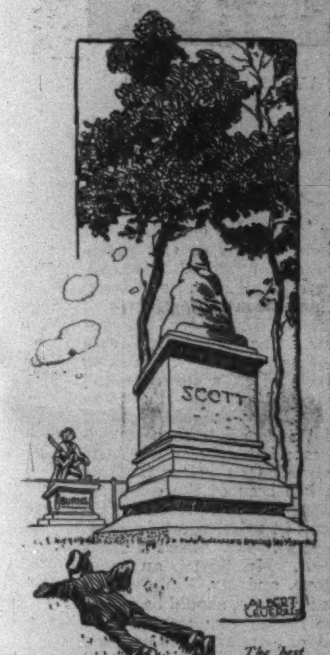
FROM COPYRIGHTED PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES CALDWELL BURNES.

# THE AUGEAN-STABLE OF ART



## WANTED, A HERCULES.

NEW York has the opportunity to become one of the most beautiful cities in the world. With its stately waterways, its two magnificent parks, and the number of smaller parks planned or achieved, with its equable climate and clear skies, with its broad streets and wealthy avenues, its salubrity, its enormous and increasing wealth, New York affords an unlimited field for artistic endeavor.



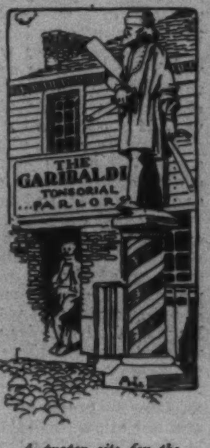
*The best view of Scott is the worst view of Burns.*

The administration in which General H. T. Collis was so active promised great things in the way of beautifying the city. But the whim of popular suffrage cut short the poetic plans that had been formed, and the only monument left is the fact that General Collis found the streets of New York cobblestones and left them asphalt.

The artistic prosperity of New York's appearance, however, demands not merely the instructive activity of an enthusiast and a genius, but the destructive enthusiasm and fearlessness of another genius. Father Knickerbocker is as patient as Job, but he really ought to do something to rid himself of his bronze and marble cutaneous afflictions.

The American people are notoriously slow to rise and assert their constitutional authority. In Revolutionary times they were once known to tear down a leaden statue of the English King and return it to the English in the form of bullets. The peripatetic Heine Memorial was recently assailed by some vandal whose æsthetic principles were too strong for him; and the fountain of nymphs erected in Chicago by "Fra" Lorado Taft and his pupils was forcibly criticised by its opponents.

The barbarians who used some of the greatest works of classic art to build walls with are held in deserved odium by the posterity they have robbed of a great heritage; but on seeing some of the horrors they have spared to crowd the Louvre and the Vatican and other galleries, one can only grant them the benefit of the doubt and say that incidentally they may have saved us many a shock. And one must remark what excellent walls could be made out of some of the marble now misplaced in New York statuary, and how prettily some of the bronze would simmer in a melting-pot. The world does not possess a more beautiful park than Central Park, unless it be the Bronx. It does not possess, I fervently believe, another promenade so noble as Riverside Drive. The Bronx Park is too young to have caught the measles of statuary; and some inspired protection has kept Riverside free from anything more painful than one pathetically small statue of Washington and a handsome railroad line, which ought to be buried at any cost. Too late for Central Park's salvation, however, a change has come over the spirit of our municipal dreams recently, and it is growing more and more difficult to inflict free statuary upon us. The city is beginning to look gift horses in the mouth, as any self-respecting person should. It is no longer easy now to secure the acceptance even of a desirable statue, and so worthy a work as George Grey Barnard's figure of "Pan" could hardly run the gauntlet.



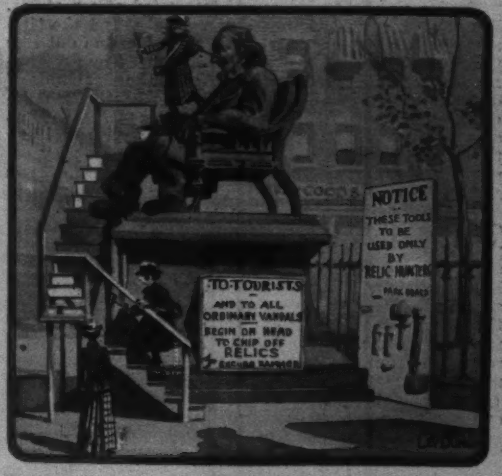
*A proper site for the Garibaldi statue.*

This cautious attitude may be called the antiseptic mode of treatment, and it offers a good safeguard to the future of the city; but the malady has gone too far to yield merely to preventive treatment. The surgical knife is sadly needed; Father Knickerbocker is suffering from artistic appendicitis.

Possession is nine points of the law, and of tradition as well, and it is not nearly so easy to eradicate an evil as it is to prevent it in the first place; but now that a proper spirit of caution in the acceptance of new statuary has been installed—at what cost!—there has remained a natural reluctance to tear down statues that have been presented to the city. Many have been afraid that legal difficulties stood in the way of dismantling these pedestals. But it now appears that full authority lies in the Board of Park Commissioners, not only to accept or decline statuary, but to throw out those already established, and the following bull was issued from the office of the Park Board recently:

"No statue, bust, or memorial building shall be erected in any part of any park where the scenery is of a predominating natural character, and statues shall be placed only as adjuncts to buildings, bridges, or viaducts.

"Statues of great national, civic, or universal interest and of great artistic beauty may be placed in any of the small parks at the intersection of two or more avenues.


NOTICE
THESE TOOLS TO BE USED ONLY BY RELIC HUNTERS
TO TOURISTS AND TO ALL ORDINARY VANDALS
BEGIN OR HEAD TO CHIP OFF RELICS

*A suggestion for the disposition of the Greeley statue.*

"No existing natural scenery, rock, woodland, drive, or lawn shall be destroyed or altered to accommodate any statue or memorial.

"No statuary, however satisfactory as a work of art, shall be accepted unless it will help to heighten the beauty of the landscape.

"Statuary and structures already in the parks, if not placed in conformity with these rules, may, if condemned by the Art Commission, be removed by the Commissioner of Parks."

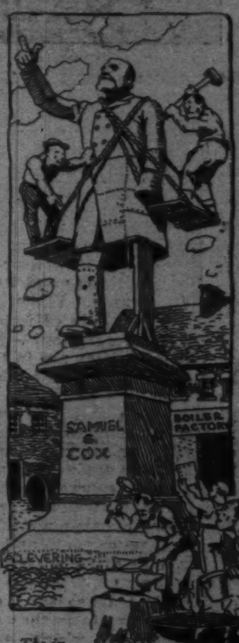
This edict shows a grasp of the fundamental principles of art, particularly landscape art, that is perfect, and simply remarkable coming from the office of a New York Park Commission.

President Clausen appears to be a leader of the new movement, and the document assumes historical importance in American art. Is it possible that the Augean stable of New York statuary is to be cleansed during our lifetime? And is the Hercules *redivivus* to wear the classical name of Clausen?

Now, it is not to be expected that all the statuary in the city should be of positive inspiration. Inspirations are rare, even in the Old World capitals, in which the best that can be said of most of the statuary is that it is not offensive, though there are certain shocks for the sensitive eye in Paris, Rome, Venice, Vienna, and more particularly in Berlin and London.

But many of the statues in New York are worse than shocking, they are positively insulting to every passer-by. Caricature of them is impossible, and merely to publish their photographs is almost libellous.

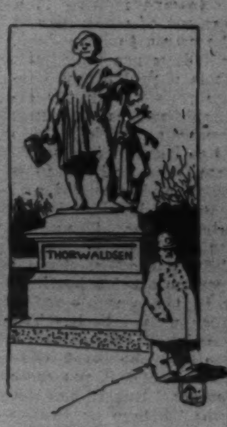
Our statues may be divided into three classes—the good, the not bad, and the atrocious. We have a few of the first class, many of the second, and most of the third. In the first rank belong three of the noblest pieces of the world's sculpture—the Farragut of Saint-Gaudens, in Madison Square; the Washington, by H. K. Browne, in Union Square; and the Nathan Hale, by Frederick Macmonnies, in City Hall Park. The Farragut is universally admired for its unusual combination of force and grace. The Washington you will hear damned with faint praise, but as the Capitol at the city of Washington is to me (site and all things considered) more impressive than St. Peter's or any of the architectural wonders of Europe, so this statue of Washington the man is nobler than any equestrian statue, not excepting that of Marcus Aurelius in Rome. The modelling is a little academic and formal, but so was the Father of his Country, and the sculptor has achieved majesty (without hauteur) and nobility and the other traits that distinguish Washington in history. The statue of Nathan Hale, aside from its fluent technic, has the importance of being an ideal characterization of the American type of face, and it is imbued with virile sentiment.



*The interesting process of our statue construction.*

Statues that have much that is commendable and little or nothing to offend the canons of taste, and yet do not move one deeply, are Bartholdi's graceful Lafayette, H. K. Browne's Lincoln—which is not, however, comparable to the Saint-Gaudens Lincoln in Chicago—the Columbus monument at the Eighth Avenue entrance of the Park, the splendid bronze reliefs and the subordinate statue of which are better than the main figure; the portrait statue of Peter Cooper, by Saint-Gaudens, in front of Cooper Union (though the problem of making Cooper statuesque has almost swamped even so high a genius), and the figures of Roscoe Conkling, Dr. Marion Sims, De Peyster, Shakspere, and Daniel Webster. Indeed, one of the most convincing pieces in the town is the statue of William Earl Dodge in Herald Square. It looks strangely lifelike, and that is its chief fault—that and the solemn mystery of its having any public existence at all.

Facing this usurper of so important a site is one of the third class of our statuary—a figure of Greeley that is an eyesore; the chair is a fine piece of cabinet-work, and the waistcoat and spectacles are done with remarkable thoroughness, but the man himself is without bones or brains, life or interest. In fact, as examples of the sartorial or the furniture-maker's art, a majority of our statues have their only claim on the attention. But there is one work that has not even this tenuous appeal: it is the profanation of "Sunset" Cox's memory that disfigures Astor Place — that shapeless heap of muddy bronze that eternally holds up a finger to stop the passing street cars that never stop. This statue was the gift to the city of several thousand letter-carriers. *Timeo tabellarios et dona ferentes.*



*A policeman is always stationed here.*

We have still greater occasion to fear the gifts of foreign nations, it seems, for it is to the friendly offices of a people with whom we are at peace that we owe the statue of the great Bolivar*—a statue at which, according to the *Sun*, the very horses shy and bolt. The Garibaldi statue in Washington Square is another deadly upas-tree of foreign extraction. It is impossible to exaggerate the damage that such landmarks inflict on those who visit the oases they mar; they give actual pain to those of taste, and to the children and the uncultivated that frequent their habitat they give a misdirection of artistic standards that years can hardly eradicate.

The stately level of the Mall in Central Park has become a byword and a place to be shunned because it is guarded at its entrance by a group of Cerberean terrors. The Scotch race is dealt a severe blow by the figures of Scott and Burns, colossal in size and in atrocity. The Scott has the definition in modelling of a stream of lava, and the Burns is racked with some writhing uneasiness that may be inspiration, but more closely resembles indigestion. Worse yet is the statue of Halleck, which is unspeakably bad. At the Sixth Avenue entrance to the Park there is a miserable effigy of Thorwalsden, and at any turn in the beautiful driveways one may find his vista ruined by some ill-shapen image of a wild animal. A number of colossal busts besprinkle the Park and the town, hardly any of them better than bad.

Throughout the United States the statuary is of a low average. The city of Washington is perhaps worse than New York, and, both in doors and out, it has served as a dumping-ground for foreign and native misdemeanors in art. Of Boston even the patient Baedeker is moved to exclaim that few of its statues "do credit to its taste in art." Chicago has profited by the festival of inspiration afforded by the Columbian Exposition, and it razed not long ago a statue of Columbus that was one of the triumphs of the New World in the matter of what a statue should not be; but there are many eradicable evils still standing, as there are in Philadelphia, Buffalo, St. Louis, and Cleveland (with its distressing Garfield and its scrambled Soldiers and Sailors' Monument). Indeed, the desire to do honor to the memory of our warriors has caused a veritable rash of monuments to break out all over the country, and it is a poor village that has not its pleasant spot of greenery made outrageously hideous with the misapplied energy of some journeyman marble-cutter.

Let pity begin at home, however. There is enough for New York to be ashamed of in its own walls. While that Procrustean elongation the statue of Seward remains folded in many an acute angle at one corner of Madison Square, turning its back on the cigar-Indian statue of President Arthur, let New York spare other cities their meed of reproach.

Meanwhile, let that day be marked with a white stone upon which the Park Commission issued its edict of regeneration. And if the edict is followed by ruthless and radical action, let a statue of genuine artistic worth be erected in an appropriate spot and labelled in letters of gold with the gloried name of Clausen.

**Rupert Hughes.**

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* The Bolivar statue has recently been removed from its pedestal "for repairs." It is said, however, that horses still shy at what is no doubt the ghost of the Venezuelan liberator.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION—FRIEZE ON THE PALACE OF CIVIL ENGINEERING AND TRANSPORTATION.

# THE NEW YORK MUSIC SEASON OF 1899-1900

THERE is nothing new in hearing the specialistic reviewers of music, busy from week to week of a long season in New York, speak with less and less interest of its details as it wanes. When it has fairly passed—the last concerts of importance played out, the last opera night sung out—their summaries of its value and interest often are in that key of faint praise which means that tired nerves have revolted from daily contact with an art based on an appeal to the nervous system of man and woman as in no other branch of æsthetics yet discovered. Yet the trained and careful commentator on music, as experience ripens him in watchfulness against the misuse of a personal equation in his work, generally distinguishes between his mood and his topic, whether he is writing up a single performance or grouping a winter's contents. But for my own poor part, and with some twenty seasons reviewed in and out, let me say that I do not recall one local season which so early became a topic of general critical abuse for its sheer dulness, shallowness, and valuelessness as that of 1899-1900, now over. Nor do I recall one which demised amid such unanimous critical joy and execration. The conventionality and mechanical quality of its large orchestral concerts, the insipidity of dozens of its smaller ones, the tedious monotony and nearly complete insincerity of its opera season, the constant parade and advertisement of mere personalities in all forms of music, and the completest popular indifference to whatever is finest and highest in the art, or ignorance of either—each and all have received a demonstration since last October that has left nothing new to demonstrate.

During the New York season of 1899-1900 the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and those that have been part of Mr. Grau's complex managerial arrangements in the Metropolitan Opera House have been the staple serial matters. This is quite as during several years. Also occurred visits from the Pittsburg Orchestra, and the usual proportion of concerts of an orchestral kind introducing new-comers as soloists or conductors who have happened to make débuts here with some individualism of effect. Mr. Paur has worked for a second year indefatigably and discreetly with the Philharmonic. Whatever can be done toward making it a good band in its present predicament of material and its disinclination to rehearse, he seems to have done. But the Philharmonic's good old days are long past. Its new ones are not come. It is a pretentious concert-band, with a noble prestige rather than the direct work of a vigorous or valuable musical influence here, and unhappy in programmes and soloists too often. And Mr. Paur himself has been in ill health. Our best concerts, once more, came from the Boston Orchestra, under Mr. Gericke—robust and unruffled and statuesque. But whether the Boston band is in its best form just now is a topic for argument. The musical menu of the series was sustained brilliantly. The last concert glowed with the old fire and color. Surely there has been some queerly flavorless playing by these honored guests of ours earlier in the season—and a good orchestra is what its leader puts into it. The Pittsburg Orchestra, in an episode of two concerts, showed that Mr. Herbert's charge has, like sweet *Anne Page*, "good gifts and possibilities," and it possesses the divine grace of youthful *fougue*. But it has not yet the tone or the finish of the Chicago or Boston organization, any more than their dimensions, and its welcome was in courtesy rather than to its glory.

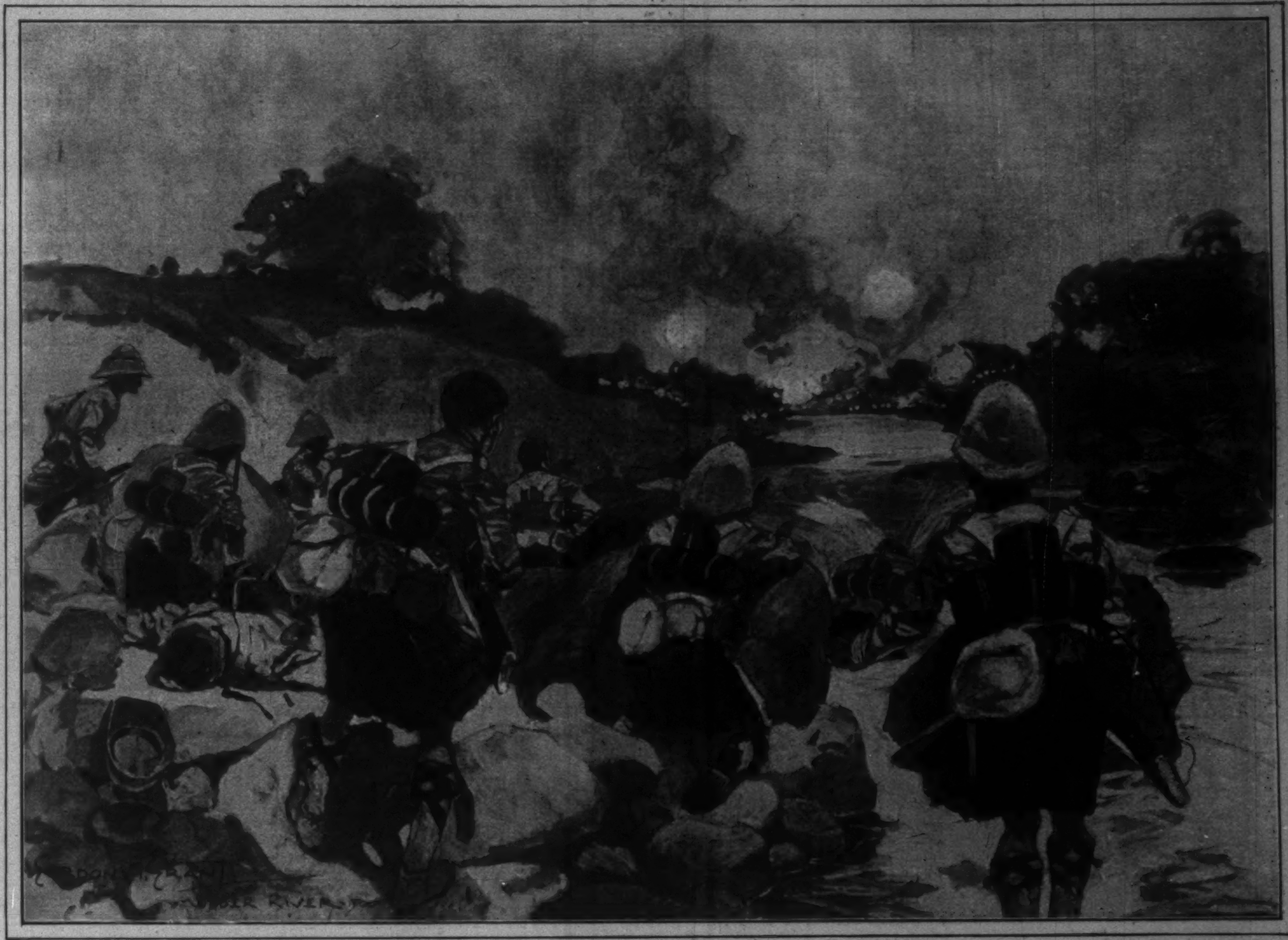
Choral music in New York has again been an almost insignificant equation. Certainly, without one alert, aggressive, wide-missioned choral organization, in our whole big city, we should not expect much! In New York, with only the polite elegancies of the Musical Art Association, the Oratorio Society's annual "The Messiah," the limited if interested offices of Mr. Frank Damrosch's popular singing clubs, and the German social clubs, choral music cannot blossom out like the *rosa mirabilis* of our concert season. The performance of César Franck's oratorio of "The Beatitudes" deserves a word, and, as less successfully, the final local presentation of Bach's great B minor Mass. But at present there is no adequately impressive and authoritative choral society in New York organically capable of the performance of the finest class of classic and modern masterpieces.

Our best chamber music has not been local in source. Once more it has come from that standard and surpassingly fine organization visiting us from Boston, under Mr. Kneisel's name and care. We have in Mr. Dannreuther and his associates a fair second; but only a second. Nor have we yet evolved the solution of the pleasantest and fittest sort of an audience-room for such music. It will come in time. But it will not come soon, one fears. The present crass and pernicious conception of what are the conditions suitable (or tolerable) in a vocal recital or an instrumental one are not without influence in the relation to true musical art of all smaller concert occurrences here. The recent Paderefsky recitals, and others in plenty, are a sure index to the aboriginal and barbaric mind of New York at large in this matter.

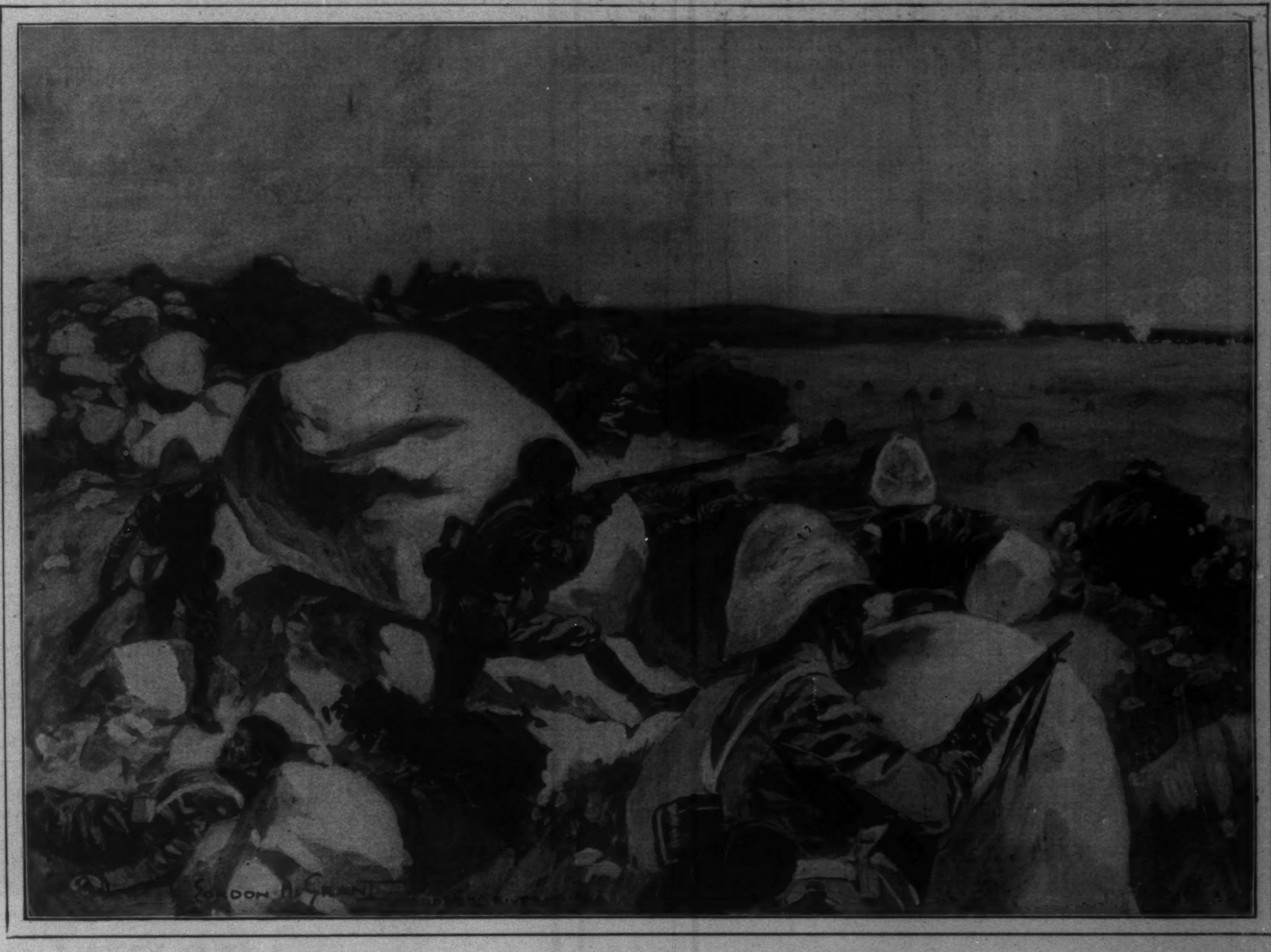
In opera, there is nothing whatever really significant or—in any wide, relative considerations—to say. Precisely one single, solitary work that has been somewhat notable abroad (but one no longer a novelty, and, in any case, of small import), Spinelli's "A Basso Porto," was produced in New York this season. It was sung in English, by the Castle Square Company, at the American Theatre, early during its winter of busy success with the public. Mr. Grau brought again a large and enormously costly company of star singers. Nearly all of them have been so long before our public, now in one season and now in another, change in and change about, or year by year. Their brilliant planetary record now has grown to be so monotonous and of so little value to the local education in opera, that it would be like reading old diaries of criticism to descant on their works and ways. The Metropolitan Opera House reflects no operatic conditions save those of Covent Garden. A small repertory now worn to rags, or else served so inartistically as to the ensemble traits of performance as to irritate those auditors who really know their Mozart and Wagner; a weekly movement of star singers in the several casts that suggests a game of chess played by an automatic process; a complete indifference to widening the schedule of operas by new works or to giving it educative dignity and life by judiciously selecting old ones—and the entire dependence for any season of opera at all on the usefulness of the Metropolitan as a fashionable resort made for conversation and toilettes—the utter ignoring of operatic performances in the vernacular—such is the broadest outline of what the long season of 1899-1900 has vouchsafed. The charge of enormous salaries paid to star singers—which should be an unnecessary basis for opera at all times, inasmuch as good singers are by no means always "great" ones—is again met with the response—perfectly true—that New-Yorkers neither know nor care enough about opera to support it for itself. Opera at the Metropolitan is merely as a vehicle to hear "stars." Naturally this initial expense shipwrecks all sound and beautiful detail of ensemble. This season the orchestra of the Opera House, jaded like its conductors, has met with the censures of despair. The chorus has again been a byword and a jest—if not, unluckily, a hissing—and the scenery and effects often a disgrace and never a credit. The "revivals" of Mozart's "The Magic Flute," of Donizetti's "Don Pasquale," and of Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," have been episodes of some popular interest; but only as a vehicle for aggregating stars and stars. Of the less familiar personnel, Madame Ternina has been of the company, though rather infrequently appearing, on account of illness; a singer of the first rank in voice, vocal delivery, and lyric and dramatic equipoise. Mr. Albert Alvarez was the leading French tenor. Mr. Scotti, an excellent Italian dramatic barytone, and Mr. Pini-Corsi, a well-known and esteemed Italian buffo, should be named—and Mr. Friedrichs as the *Beckmesser* accredited to all opera-houses. The total of performances in New York since December 18, the opening of the season, and through seventeen weeks, has been a little under one hundred. "Carmen" has been sung the most, "Faust" the next often, "Roméo et Juliette" is the third in the scale, and then the familiar Wagnerian contingent succeeds. Two cycles of the Nibelungen Tetralogy were given, as an extra-subscription matter; similarly to last year's arrangements; but an undeniable wane of musical interest in Wagner is noticeable, and the Wagner performances here are supported largely by an unmusical class of auditors. It has been pecuniarly a season of profit—at least so the latest announcements declare. Certainly one should wish it so for the sake of Mr. Grau, who must not be blamed, if his untiring, exceptional, and thoroughly business-like conduct of both his opera-houses is an honor to any man in the plain business of music, obliged to follow out in his seasons the commands of a fashionable, listless directorate, and to cater to an undereducated local public. Mr. Grau is between the devil and the deep sea in his operatic campaigns. No musician must blame him for making the Metropolitan into a superior sort of barrel-organ, and amiable to influences all too dominant over him.

The season closes with a word of an operatic kind which used a while ago to stir our hearts with something more than a passing pulsation, because the possibilities in it seemed more likely to be met. That word is of opera in the vernacular, in the Metropolitan, and elsewhere, the two plans alluding to it being dissociated. In this journal, the present writer has had a good deal to say of opera sung in English, presented as it should be, and not presented as it should not be. It may therefore be not untimely or too cautious to say that I cannot yet discern in the vague proclamations and schemes lately imparted by either the management of the Metropolitan or a dissociated enterprise the kind of an authoritative, eloquent, and soundly artistic plans on which the future of grand opera in English shall take its assured place here; to banish almost at a word, the absurdity of a foreign system in a foreign tongue. Such a boon New York is not yet to receive, I fear; nor for it is New York yet either anxious or prepared. Let us abhor the vice of cant, and not strive to make out our city any more musical in sincerity and in truth than it really is, and for indefinite time will be.

**Irenaeus Prime-Stevenson.**



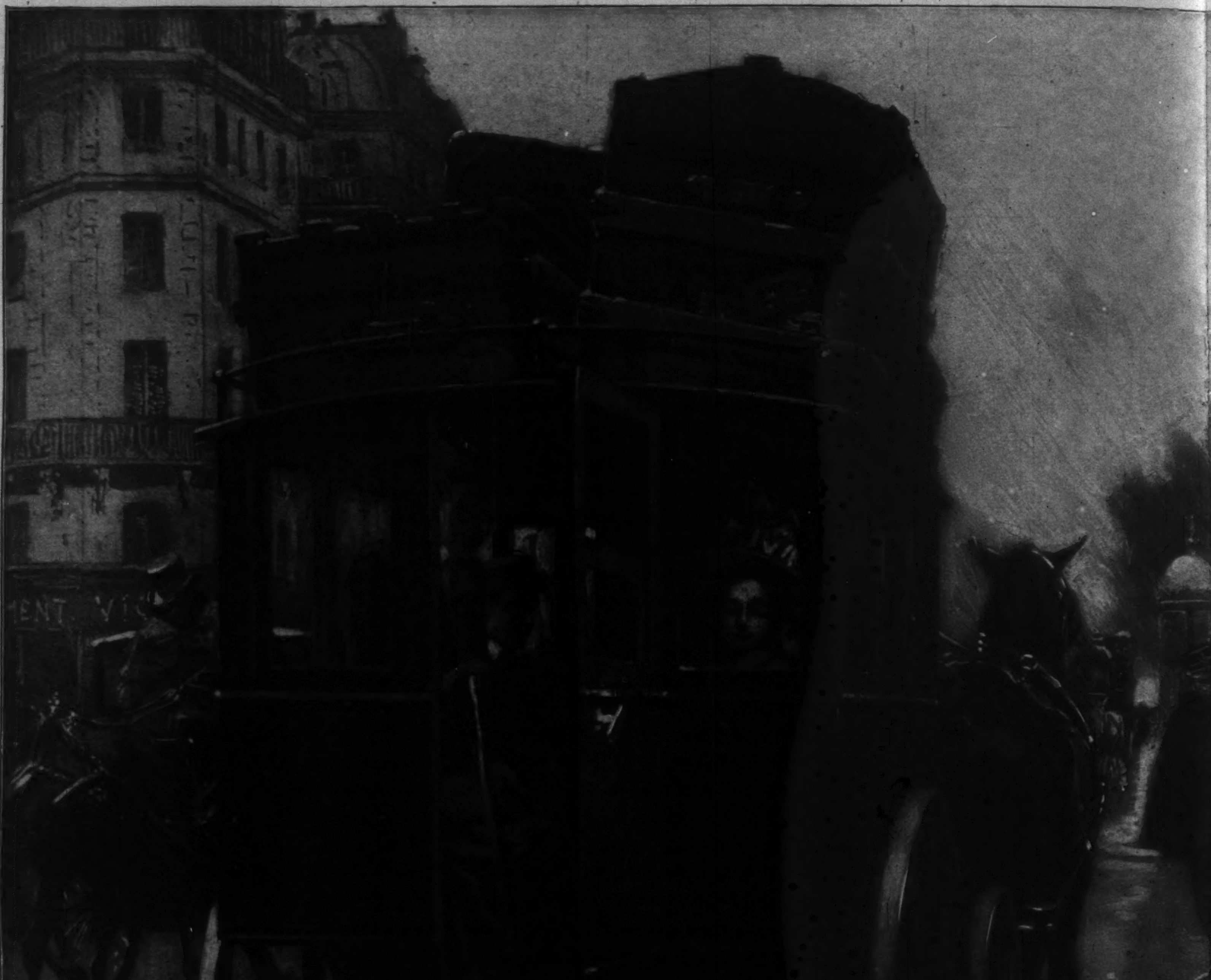
HIGHLANDERS HARASSING THE BOERS IN GENERAL CRONJE'S BURNING CAMP THE DAY PREVIOUS TO THE SURRENDER.



CLOSING IN ON GENERAL CRONJE'S LAAGER.

## THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—THE CAPTURE OF CRONJE'S ARMY.

Drawings by Gordon H. Grant, Special Artist in the Field for "Harper's Weekly."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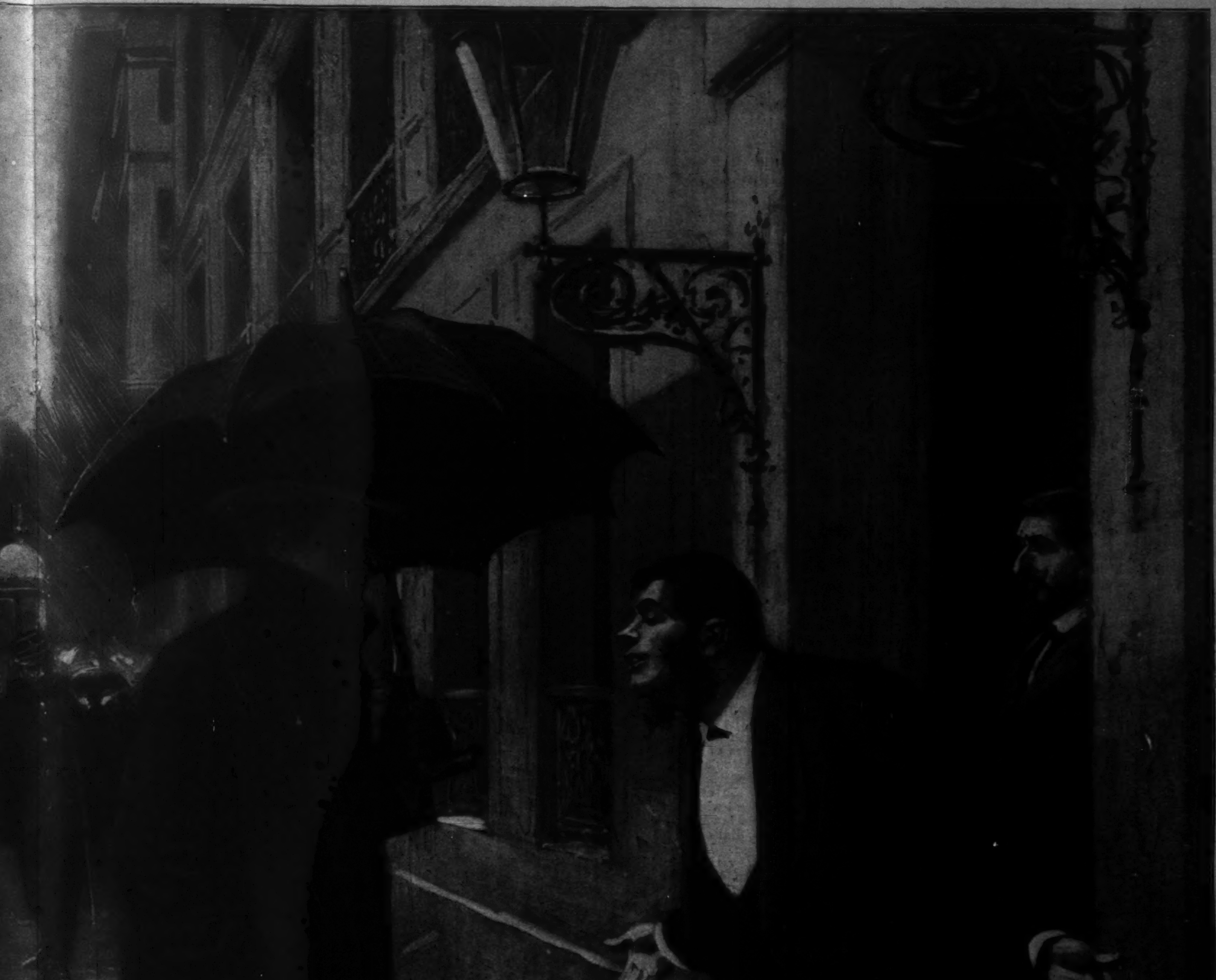


PARIS—NO ROOM

T. DE THULSTRUP

# CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND.*

## By H. B. Marriott Watson

### CHAPTER VII.—(*Continued*)

WARBURTON came down to the village hastily the next morning, sharpness and impatience in his voice.

"What boat is that?" he asked of a fisherman, and pointed into the offing, where a white sail was tacking northward. He had his answer in no very civil terms: It was Paortt's boat.

"Aye, but who sails in it?" he inquired, more sharply.

The fisherman gazed at him and professed his ignorance.

"I believe that a young lady has put out for a sail," he added.

Warburton remembered himself in time. He had already tried several times unavailingly to hire a boat there. Even his friend from whom he had taken the little cutter, and who had been extravagantly compensated, was deaf to his offers. He made no sign of his emotion.

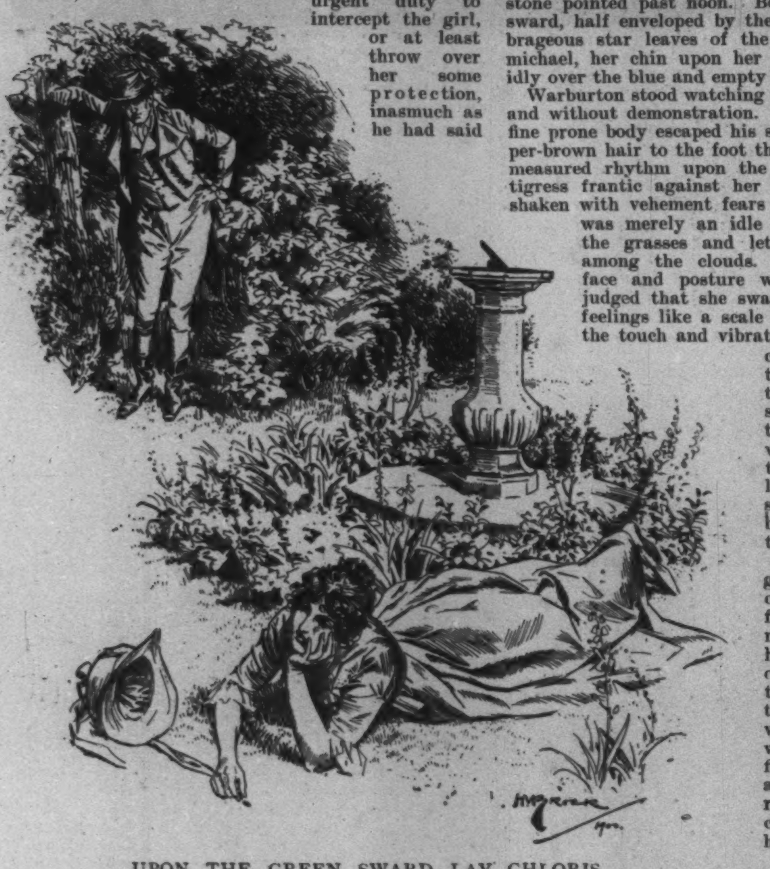
"Oh, a young lady!" said he, and turned indifferently away. He had no doubt now that what he had suspected was true. There were no visitors in Marlock, and few young ladies to go a-sailing for amusement. Miss Holt was in that boat, making for Lynsea; and that she had succeeded in getting a boatman to take her showed upon whose authority she went. She was going on the invitation of the Carmichaels. To Warburton's fancy the web these islanders spread lay thick and deadly about Lynsea. They enticed like sirens, calling in the ears. No doubt it was Sir Stephen himself who had offered the hospitality of the island with that fine grace of his. What did they want with her? And what motive carried her to that black spot? Warburton could not answer this riddle, but feared vaguely. He began to go by the dunes northward towards the village upon that side which, embowered in a smiling country, seemed to stand remote from the winds and wars, and the darker secrets of Marlock and the island. It was more than two hours ere he reached his destination, but he was successful at once in obtaining a boat. As he put forth the mid-day sun was shining upon the green land and the loose, quiet water; but a mile away southward the heights of Lynsea rose black, solid, forbidding, obscured in a twilight of mystery under a passing shadow of cloud.

No sooner had the boat left the shore than a man ran out upon the beach, breathless and red of face. He stared stupidly after Warburton.

Warburton ran down to the island swiftly in the stream of a full tide. He recognized it as a more urgent duty to intercept the girl, or at least throw over her some protection, inasmuch as he had said nothing to her of his own adventures. She was therefore not forewarned. She forbode nothing, and had accepted the invitation to Lynsea without misgivings, if with no alacrity.

It was impossible to guess at what incentives the ceremonious Sir Stephen had used.

The thought flashed through Warburton's mind that she had been inveigled thither to detach her from the vendetta of which they must now have been persuaded; and if so, it was still necessary that he should be present to defend himself from a betrayal. In any case he thought no more as to the wisdom of his course; he was resolved to reach Lynsea, and to discover what this visit meant. He had got half-way to the island when he noticed in the wake of his boat, far away, a second boat, steering in his tracks. This he watched for some time, and at length remembered his state of supervision by spies, which in the excitement of his recent discovery he had completely forgotten. Plainly he was being followed and he was anxious to be rid of his followers. He had thought of making for the cove of tamarisks by the house, but now he changed his mind. He turned the boat's head, as though to run down upon this harborage, but no sooner was he by the sheltering point than he slipped past it, and poling under the lee of the wooded land round the jutting crag one hundred yards beyond, disappeared into a narrow neck of water which formed a sort of creek and received the volume of some upland streams.



UPON THE GREEN SWARD LAY CHLORIS.

Tying the painter to an overhanging bush, which also hid the body of his boat, he landed, and climbing the hill above, dropped cautiously down upon the valley of the homestead.

The road he took was by thick coverts, already in full leaf but green and yellow, and not yet hardened and deepened by the summer sun. There was no foot-path; he made a way for himself among the young wood and undergrowth and springing ferns; and the tall sycamores that sheltered him with broad fingers from the sun concealed also the immediate prospect. He had descended into a bottom in which a ribbon of brook trickled pleasantly towards the sands. The waters of the sea broke peacefully upon a hidden beach; he could almost hear the fret of the shells as the wavelets rolled among them. But he knew not yet where he stood, nor whither he was wandering. As he came to a pause in this indecision he thought he perceived that the copse was sparser in one direction, and in this he moved. The bushes opened out, the spaces spreading into little glades, in which flowered the bluebells in a multitude. He went forward still, passing a clump of yews, and the next moment there broke upon his vision a widespread pleasance, bright with blossoms.

The sun stood at his zenith, yet the cool sea-breezes subdued the heat of that early summer day. Under the warm influences of a genial season the foliage and the flowers had started into quick full life. The lilac was alive with odor, and the laburnum with bold gold; while in long low hedges that lay formally across the lawns, the white rosettes of the guelder gleamed in a profusion like great white daisies. Wafts of fragrance ascended from the Florentine iris in the purple beds, and elegant stems of the columbine rose in bunches from the foliage, lilac and white and blue.

In the centre of this lawn of flowers and flowering shrubs was an ancient dial on which the fingers of the stone pointed past noon. Below this upon the green sward, half enveloped by the tall spikes and the umbrageous star leaves of the lupin, lay Chloris Carmichael, her chin upon her hand, her gaze rambling idly over the blue and empty sea.

Warburton stood watching for a brief time in silence, and without demonstration. Not a particular of that fine prone body escaped his steady eyes, from the copper-brown hair to the foot that tapped easily and in a measured rhythm upon the lawn. He saw here no tigress frantic against her foes, not even a woman shaken with vehement fears or vehement passions; it was merely an idle girl that dabbled among the grasses and let a vagrant fancy loose among the clouds. The impression of her face and posture was purely sensuous; he judged that she swayed between her physical feelings like a scale in balance that moves to the touch and vibrates inordinately with each commotion. She seemed to him now more of a girl than he had supposed, and she might have innocent thoughts. It was clear she was quite happy; she had the air of basking in delight as she basked in the sunshine. She drew Warburton's eyes with admiration.

As he stood there her gaze unexpectedly alighted on him, and she got to her feet swiftly and came running to him, every sign of her quiet vanished. A blaze of some feeling flared in the iris of her eyes so that they turned almost the warmth of her tresses. She went off, as Warburton reflected, like a gun snapped at half-cock. But why she ran thus upon him he could not guess; yet he had not long to wonder.

"What have you come here for?" she asked, eagerly. "Do you not know, Mr. Warburton, that you are mad to venture here again? You must go back!"

He read the restless sparkle that died and flamed in her face; there seemed no secret now in the trembling of those slender hands. She beat again upon him as vainly as she had beat before. A spirit all fire prevailed nothing against such solidity; a great wind broke and roared in vain upon the battlements, and afterwards issued the still small voice.

"You must go back!"

He put out an arm to her. "I will not go back, Miss Carmichael," he said; and the excellence of her presence, the temptation of her neighborhood, thrilled him to the marrow. "By God! but you are Chloris to me," he said, "and Chloris you shall be, for all the Carmichaels in Christendom."

"What mean you?" she panted, swaying under his grasp, yet facing him with open burning eyes that were neither afraid nor ashamed.

He drew her closer roughly, and still she shrank not; the blue knot of ribbon rose and fell like the undulation of the sea; she was carried nearer till it came to rest upon his coat, fluttering into stillness, and then a convulsion shook her body through.

Warburton suddenly and abruptly put her away, surveying her out of disturbed eyes. Some doubt of his interpretation of her had sharply stung him. She surrendered herself to him with more than the passion of a maiden, but it was certainly surrender. He distrusted his judgment; this slim, full, passionate girl thwarted him. He knew that he was master, and yet he had this flash of uncertainty. His steady mind wavered like a reed; and then settled again into its stiff decision. He saw her a handsome, glowing creature, animated with bright blood and the devil of a spirit, and touched by her senses to gross issues. She was an amazingly beautiful animal, to love, to be jealous, to hate, and to be cruel. Like all that heathenish house she had the distemper which should put her outside the pale of consideration. In his insular intolerance of this unfettered foreign blood he regarded such people as a pest in the kingdom, deemed them as far from the healthy norm as lunatics, or outcasts, or the tenants of thieves' alleys. A wonderful sensation stirred in him now, as he recognized the truth; he put out his arm again with something betwixt a laugh and a gasp, but Chloris Carmichael withdrew a pace, her wonderful eyes upon him. They consumed him with their regard.

"What purpose has brought you here?" she asked.

"Chloris, 'tis you, I swear," he exclaimed, eagerly, reaching for her.

She struck up his arm angrily, then turned away, her head fallen heavily upon her bosom. He watched her go some steps, and then pursued after her, catching her hand.

"Let me go," she said, earnestly. "I beseech you, sir, to let me go."

"Nay, dear," he said, "that I will not. I am not done with you."

The color rose hot in her cheeks and then withdrew, leaving them of the pallor of death, while her eyes were frightened and glistened with emotion.

"I may not," she pleaded; "for pity's sake, leave me. Be merciful. Nay, sir, you have shamed me. I have forgotten all my modesty and what my maidenhood requires."

"Faith," thought Warburton, "she plays me well," and would have pulled her again to him.

"Do you not see? Is it not enough?" she cried, crimsoning afresh and with an angry stamp of her foot. "Oh, you are a brute to torture me so. I hate you. Let me go, let me go—oh, let me go!" and her voice passed from the passionate accents of anger, through those of piteous entreaty, into a soft sob of contentment, as she was drawn within his arms.

The next moment she was flying through the pleasance, across the lawn and by the hedges of the way. She sped like Daphne, and upon her heels followed that merciless pursuer. The way ran among the copse again and down by tortuous courses to the sea. The loose white gown of the fugitive flew out behind her flying heels; the skirts jumped and fluttered, spreading like a flag, her bronze hair, fallen from its confines, rained upon her neck in a bright shower, as she darted from sunlight into shadow in her flight.

Suddenly the copse ended once more and Warburton found himself abruptly upon the margin of an ordered garden, with the white house of the Carmichaels frowning upon him. Scarce out of arm's-length the girl too had come to a pause, panting hard, the color deep in her face, yet with a startled expression in her eyes and an admonishing hand. Twenty paces distant stood Sir Stephen Carmichael, eying them strangely, and with him was Sir George Everett.

### CHAPTER VIII

WARBURTON stood for a moment, stayed in the very heat and fury of his chase. He cast flashing glances at the silent group, and then moved forward slowly to it. Sir George broke into a cackle of laughter, being the first to give tongue to any sound.

"Gad! what is this game of nymph and satyr?" he said. "It is an Arcadian grove that you keep in this pretty island of yours, Sir Stephen. But, faith, you must present me to this maid. I vow she is a toast, whoever she be."

"She is my daughter, sir," says Sir Stephen, dangerously civil.

"Oh!" says Everett, sweeping off his hat, "a thousand respects and admiration, madam. Forgive an old man his blunders, for my eyes are not what they were. They look through dark glasses, yet, Miss Carmichael, I protest they find you fair."

Chloris said nothing, but merely bowed, for she had her eyes on her father with some anxiety, her face warm with her confusion and her excitement; and, turned thereby to a sharper beauty, she glowed like a jewel in the sun. Sir Stephen waited until Warburton reached him. He had cast a glance at his daughter, and after that continued to regard the young man. The two confronted each other, and Warburton gravely saluted the company. He made no explanation of his odd arrival, nor attempted to refer to Chloris.

"I should offer you an excuse, sir," he said, "for my trespass again upon this island, but I am over on business. Yet if I had known what now I know I need not have come," and his gaze dwelt lightly on Everett.

"Any man that comes on business here has a right here," said Sir Stephen, coldly. "Yet last time you came on no business, but as a stranger who trespasses."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2259.

"I will trespass no more," he answered, "for I see I am not needed here."

"What, Mr. Warburton?" said Sir George. "You are not going already? You shall go back with me."

"Sir, I must beg you not to cut short this honor you have done us," said Sir Stephen, quickly. "As for Mr. Warburton, no doubt you think it strange that we meet so coolly. But you are aware of a sad accident that befell some time since. My son Nicholas is a hot-blooded fellow; there was no excuse for him save wine and a quarrelsome temper on both sides. Well, what will you, my dear sir?" He shrugged his shoulders expressively. "But Mr. Warburton and my son are still at loggerheads. It is wiser they do not meet. Hence my recommendation. He is better away, lest another quarrel be brought upon us."

"Why, damme, Warburton, you are pugnacious!" said Sir George, reproachfully. "Let ill alone. Shirley was a hot fellow too, poor devil. It is no affair of yours. I had forgot that there was any such bother, and Heaven is my witness that we cannot carry other people's worries. I am glad to be quit of them. Besides, the girl's heart was not in it. Yet I must be going immediately, and will take you home."

"I entreat you to spare me yourself a little longer, sir," said Sir Stephen, "but Mr. Warburton is another case. You see he looks morose and broods. He had better begone," and he laughed lightly and pleasantly.

"By the Lord, but my girl must not see this Nicholas of yours," broke in Everett suddenly. "It escaped me. She cannot have known when she consented to come. Heavens, she breaks out like a bitch when she is spiteful. She must be carried away at once."

Sir Stephen, seeming to resign, motioned his guest gracefully towards the house, as though he would offer him his last compliments. He called his daughter to him, and leaning heavily upon her shoulder, went up the lane. Warburton followed, for he had not yet done with Sir Stephen. At the terrace of white stone the old man paused, lifted his hand from his daughter's shoulder and turned on him.

"Hark you! Mr. Warburton," he said more harshly than he was used to speak, "you were best away. I think no gentleman should require a further intimation."

"I am not here as a friend, nor yet as an acquaintance, sir," retorted Warburton, sharply. "I am a piece of the law, a hook of interrogation, to question you. I will not go without my answer. What is it you want with Miss Holt? Your family have done harm enough. You should be ashamed to raise your hand again."

"Is it true?" asked Chloris, swiftly, of her father. "Is Miss Holt here? Who is Miss Holt?"

He did not reply, but frowned on Warburton. "I have warned you to be gone," he said, and with a gesture of authority dismissed his daughter within the house. "You know how matters stand here. I do not give warning in vain. You have declared yourself hostile, and we are in a state of war. Do not suppose that the Carmichaels will forget that. They forget too little and achieve too much. I give you leave to go now. Yet there is something to explain in what I saw just now. I shall ask for some explanation of what conduct you showed towards my daughter."

"Sir, I explain nothing," returned Warburton, coolly. "Your daughter may."

Sir Stephen's eyes flashed, but a look of doubt entered them, and he tottered up the steps on his stick without answer.

Warburton went down the pathway, but as he turned the corner of the house almost ran against Dorothy Holt and a companion. This, to his astonishment, he recognized as Philip Carmichael, very cheerful, very handsome, and impudently smiling. He grinned the wider on seeing Warburton, but opened his eyes full.

"Lynsea seems to hold an attraction for you, Mr. Warburton," he observed. "It is not every one who loves us so much."

"I am here to fetch Miss Holt," he answered, simply. "It is not well for her to be here."

"Faith! I am the better judge of my behavior," retorted the girl, sharply. "I am not in your charge, Mr. Warburton."

"No; I was unaware that your guardian was with you," he answered, "or I would not have ventured upon this liberty. Yet now I am arrived here I would urge you to return. Miss Holt, 'tis not seemly."

The color rose in her face, though she was plainly flustered by his rebuke. "'Tis ungentlemanly in you to lecture me," she said, "as if I were not a better authority on manners! I know what becomes a lady."

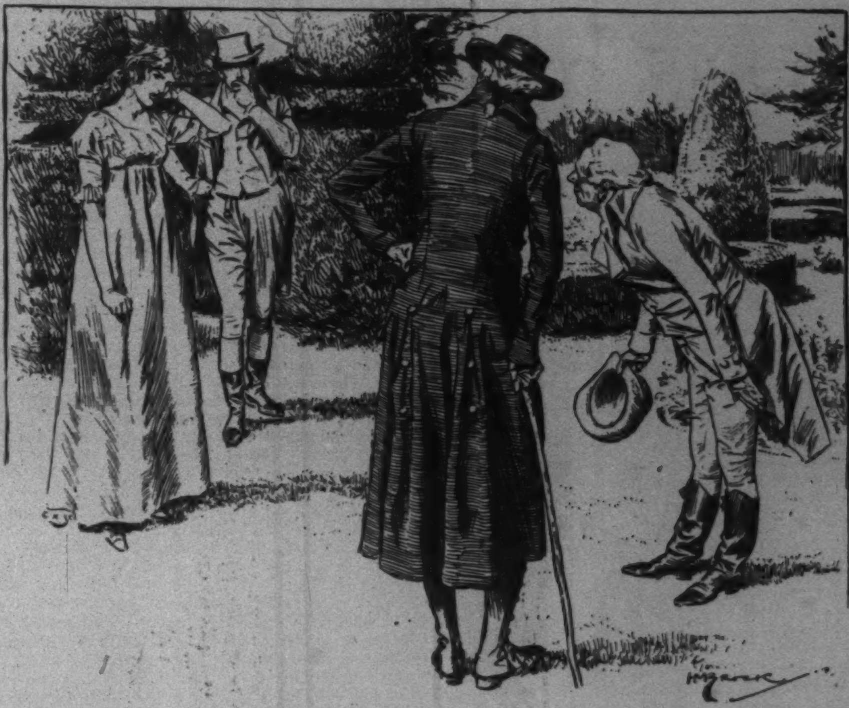
"You are here a guest of those that slew one you were to have wed," he said bluntly, being angered with her.

"La!" she said, with a little quiver, "you need not to remind me. I bear it in my heart. But, indeed, I made a silly blunder in supposing a duel was not honorable, however cruel it be. But, indeed, sir," she said, turning prettily on Philip Carmichael—"but, indeed, indeed, 'twas cruel in your brother. He was most uncivilly drunken."

"That he was," assented Philip, nodding.

Warburton was amazed by this change in her spirit. He had never understood her, and he could make of her even less than nothing at the present moment. What he saw clearly was that the grounds of that hostility were slipping from under his feet. If this girl should give up, there would be no excuse for him to maintain a feud, since his was a wrong incomparable with hers. He stared on her stupidly, but, getting his thoughts again, begged to have a word with her in private. Philip Carmichael stood apart, rapping his top-boots with his whip, or idly chafing with it his smalls.

"What does this conduct mean?" asked Warburton.



SIR GEORGE BOWED IN ADMIRATION.

"You must not ask me," she said, veiling her eyes with her long lashes. "You must trust me. I have trusted you."

He frowned impatiently. "You have brought me here on a fool's errand, because I thought you in danger."

"In danger!" she echoed, with surprise in her voice.

"Aye; it is probable that we both are in peril. These Carmichaels have no scruples. Already my life has been attempted. See yonder fine fellow—how he watches us out of his soft eyes."

"But why do they want your life?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Because I have some of their secrets. I hold them in my power," he answered.

"What is this secret?" she whispered, with a furtive glance at Philip. But he lounged and appeared to take no heed.

"No, I cannot tell you that," he replied. "To do so would be to expose you to a great peril. They shall know that you know nothing. I will return that safe before I leave. But you would be safer away. This man is one thing, but where is Nicholas Carmichael, I ask you?"

She shook her head and shuddered. "I was told he would not be here; I could not have faced that murderer," she said; and it was evident that she spoke the truth.

"Get your guardian back as soon as you may," he urged. "Miss Holt, you know not this family, nor what they have to guard. Their blood runs like fire in them; it is as volatile as a spirit, and always in flame. They are stark animals, with fine hides and handsome faces. God pity those that offend them!"

"Then you run great danger already," she cried, "and God must pity you."

"Nay, madam, but I think God shall pity more those that offend me," said Warburton, grimly. "Come, get you back," and he laid a persuasive hand upon her arm. This act of entreaty might easily have borne another meaning from a little distance, and so Philip Carmichael interpreted it. He opened his eyes and stared, and then resumed the tapping on his boot faster than ever.

Warburton turned aside, and Dorothy met her escort with an engaging smile. "La! Mr. Warburton is tiresome. He will harp upon that which is gone; he thinks I must be forever wearing weeds and long faces."

Philip disappeared into the house with this enchantress, but Warburton was destined to another encounter. He descended the terrace steps to the lawn, and hardly had he done so, when Chloris Carmichael came upon him with a rush.

"Who is that?" she asked, breathlessly. "Is it Miss Holt that is here? It was that girl that I saw walking from you the other day."

"True," answered Warburton. "She is here as your guest."

"I want her not," said Chloris, fiercely. "I hate her face. She is a sly doll. I know what she is here for—to deal treacherously by us. I will tell Nick."

"You will do nothing of the sort," said Warburton, sharply. "There has been enough mischief done by your house."

"Who are you to command?" she asked, indignantly. "I will put Nick upon her. Philip is a fool, but Nick shall answer her purpose."

"What?" said Warburton, in reproachful tones. "Your brother slew this child's lover upon the verge of their match—would you in your turn slay her?"

"That I would," she flamed forth, "and you too. I would give you to death willingly. You are brutal and treacherous. I think you are a spy. What are you doing here with this girl?"

"I am upon private business," he returned, sternly. "I will not suffer any wild woman to question me. You break out too madly, Madam Chloris."

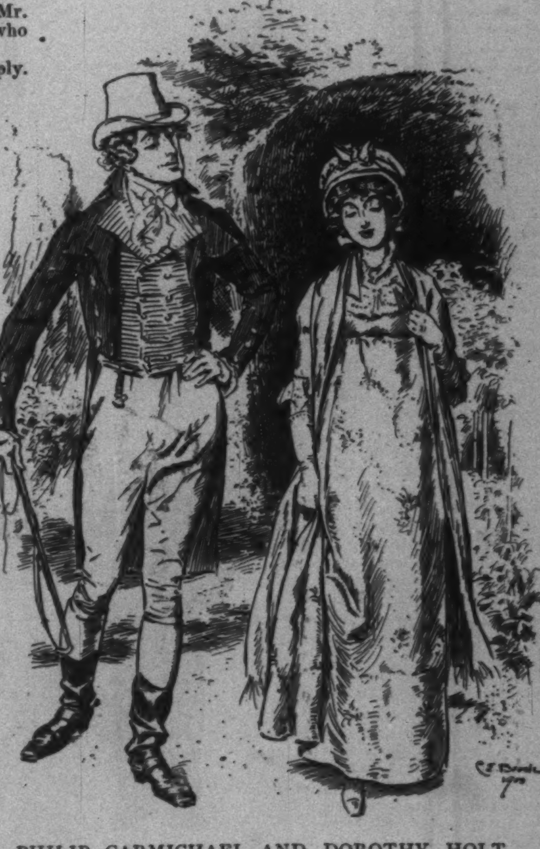
He moved away, but she put herself in his road. "Is it true what you say, that you are not in league with her?" she asked, eagerly, her anger vanished. Almost she implored him to deny the charge.

"I should be sorry to league myself with any woman," he answered. "I would count myself a fool and more if I trusted my neck to any chit."

"Forgive me," she said, quickly and penitently, "but I could not guess what brings you here."

He examined her fixedly. "You will learn some day," he said, with a faint laugh, and swiftly carried her to his breast. She was still a moment, and then wrestled with him like a tiger. He laughed and put her down. He knew he had authority upon her, and was joyous in his confidence. She was drawn by the lode of his implacable will and strong nature, and he had no doubt as to his influence upon her. What he did not understand was its character; he took it to be of coarse grain—it was delicate, intangible, fierce, and magical as the fire. He had now two of the Carmichaels under his hand; he could dance these to his tunes, and he must spread his net for the others. There was no yielding in his purpose; he was adamantine; the highest and strongest passion might hammer on his heart in vain. The man had set his face one way, and not even black Nicholas Carmichael, with his spirit of a devil, could move him aside. In truth the pieces on both sides were dangerous beyond the ordinary. The two had met their match in each other.

TO BE CONTINUED

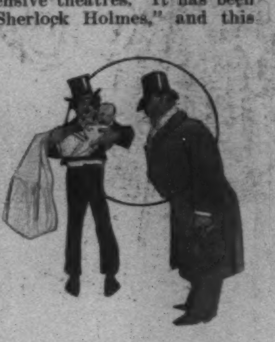


PHILIP CARMICHAEL AND DOROTHY HOLT.

# THE DRAMA

### BY LAWRENCE REAMER

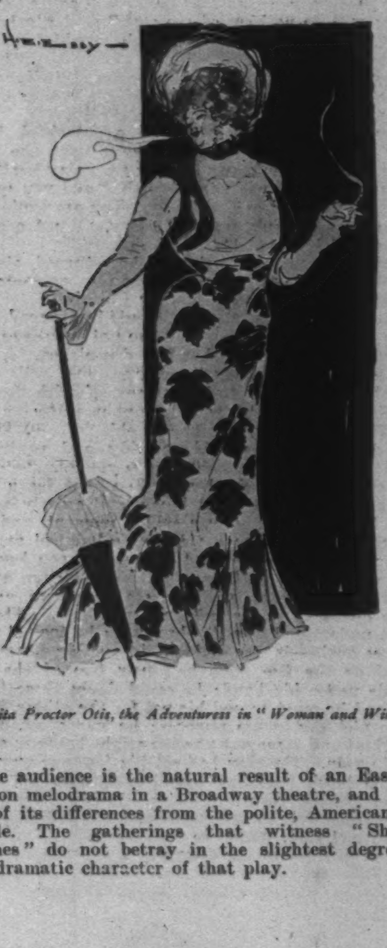
THE fag-end of an abbreviated season has been lurid with melodrama. This form of entertainment seems to have arrived fortuitously, and cannot, therefore, be looked upon as a device to awaken by its violence the waning interest of satiated theatre-goers. Melodrama always hovers about the outskirts of New York amusements, and is to be had in one part of the town or another, but usually in the modest material form that unfits it for the expensive theatres. It has been present all winter in "Sherlock Holmes," and this expert specimen has not lacked popular support. That play may have seemed in its essentials sufficiently out of place in the Garrick Theatre, although it was sublimated and refined to a remarkable degree in comparison with the highly colored, crude, yet thrilling composition that seems so very inappropriate just now at the Manhattan Theatre.



*The Baby furnishes Comedy.*

Melodrama of this frank and uncompromising kind is made to keep to its own parts of London and Paris. It is strictly confined to the theatres dedicated to it, and in these exclusive temples its latitude is greater than it would ever be if plays of the kind were likely to be one week in this theatre and the next in that. New York knows no such restrictions. So long as this style of play is pretentious enough, no theatre is closed to it. Native specimens of this work are considerably more refined than the London melodrama, which is meant to be a large canvas filled with striking, broadly drawn figures that are bound to appeal to some taste and arouse some emotion in the most mixed audience. It is to the discriminating and exacting that the appeal is less directly aimed by the British writers of melodrama.

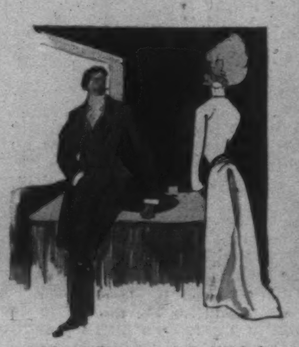
William Gillette, with his neat, quiet method of composition, seems to produce something that scarcely deserves to be classed with such a play as "Hearts are Trumps." Yet it is of the same family, and only one degree farther removed from "Woman and Wine," which has added greater interest to the late theatrical season than any other play. It has succeeded in transforming the Manhattan Theatre—for the time being—into a strange theatrical compromise so far as its audiences are concerned. Downstairs sit the customary audiences of the Broadway theatres, contemplating quizzically—cynically—and with a sense of its absurdities the remarkable proceedings this drama contains. They are undeniably thrilled by some of its scenes, even though they exhibit the effects of that emotion less vociferously than the spectators sitting in the gallery above them. From these aerial regions are hurled down expressions of unrestrained enthusiasm and sympathy. This sharp contrast in the quality of the audience is the natural result of an East End London melodrama in a Broadway theatre, and marks one of its differences from the polite, American-made article. The gatherings that witness "Sherlock Holmes" do not betray in the slightest degree the melodramatic character of that play.



*Elita Proctor Otis, the Adventuress in "Woman and Wine."*

"WOMAN and Wine" bears to Mr. Gillette's work the relation that an inflamed poster does to an etching. Its scenes are laid in Paris, and the view of Paris selected was naturally the most highly colored possible to the imagination of a dramatist whose success depends on the degree to which he can shock emotions hardened by dramatic fare. The novelty of method revealed by the play seems to lie in an unprecedented proportion between the amounts of vice and virtue contained in the piece. The virtue which is usually necessary in certain quantities for the sake of contrast is here almost infinitesimal. Wickedness, on the other hand, is rampant, and this view of Paris is appropriate to the idea of that city accepted by the public for which the play was written. The old geographical definition of the French as a people addicted to gayety and light wines holds good still in the drama; and the allowance of virtue in "Woman and Wine" is scarcely enough to be noticed.

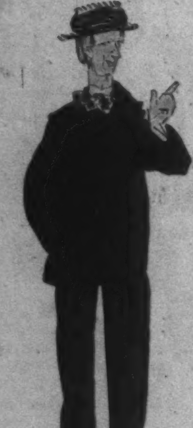
It is wickedness enthroned in the opulently expansive personality of Elita Proctor Otis that dominates the play and fairly knocks the breath out of most of the audience. It is Miss Otis who embraces at Longchamps a jockey publicly and with osculation, to his intense embarrassment and to the ultimate discomfiture of her enemies. It is Miss Otis who declares that she will carry her lover off to enjoy the delights of Paris, and looms up in front of him such a commanding and towering incarnation of a temptress that she could throw him over her shoulder and carry him across the Channel if he were not already disposed to go with her. It is Miss Otis who meets her rival in the gray dawn of Paris at the flower-market and refuses her challenge to fight over the youthful and besotted lover, until some dreadfully incriminating word—which the audience never hears—is whispered into her ear. That brings on the fight, and Miss Otis starts at her companion, who is fully prepared for the struggle. In spite of her apparent impregnability, it is Miss Otis who falls. It fairly looked as if she could never be injured by her opponent; it seemed surprising, therefore, that she should ever have fallen a victim to a rival's dagger. Nevertheless, it was Miss Otis who remained the absorbing figure in the drama for at least ten minutes after the forced entry of this bit of cold steel is supposed to have removed from her any power to take an active part in the proceedings. She is covered with roses by her rival, who, with a degree of imagination for which she would never have received credit, may purposely have selected the scene of the duel with the idea of hiding her enemy's cadaver in this delicate way. Whether her plan was preconceived or accidental, she hid Miss Otis under the blossoms which rose and fell in rhythmical beat like the waves of the ocean. The murderess had no poetic purpose to accomplish in thus hiding her rival. There was no symbolic idea of the failure to find rest in death which may be supposed to be the lot of a guilty soul. The rise and fall of the roses were due entirely to Miss Otis's shortness of breath.



*Minnie Dupree and the Wicked Money-Lender.*

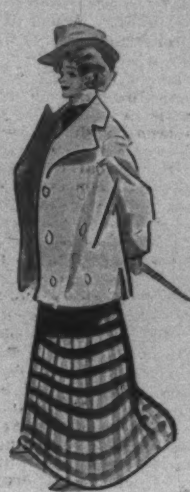
ONE other feature of its preponderating wickedness is the delightful democracy of morals that prevails in "Woman and Wine." There are not many respectable people in the play, but the few who find themselves there are not in the least snobbish about their superiority. They associate on terms of moral equality with the most determined sinners of the lot. This was all very pleasant, and served in a way to disseminate some further impressions of the stage Paris. That indeed is a wonderful town. In comparison with the Paris of the stage, the real place must be tame.

It was not possible of course to have only Miss Otis in a play, so there are various subsidiary characters. Most of the men seem to be put there that she might kiss them. The dejected-looking hero, who seemed to crumple up in her embraces, alternated continually between the pleasures of alcohol and the strain of Miss Otis's kisses. He had occasional relief, for the adventuress had sometimes to turn her interest and her kisses in other directions. But she scarcely has a free moment during the whole evening. The same devotion to do what they set out to do was common to all the people in the play. They made up their minds, and stuck to their resolutions.



*Howard Kyle.*

The innocent heroine, who was appropriately thin and neglected looking, sold flowers for a living. She sold them with a determination that would have won for her in New York a Broadway shop with the broadest plate-glass windows in a short time. The hero was just as conscientious about his drinking. He seemed to realize that it was his duty to drink, and he stuck to it manfully. The play is strewn with the empty glasses and bottles that mark the hero's progress. In fact, chief among the fascinations of the play—and it has undeniable power to engross at times—is this splendid fidelity with which all its characters cling to their purposes, good or bad. The fact that most of them are bad does not in the least interfere with the effectiveness of the drama. It is too remote from life to be thought moral or otherwise. It leaves no impression of reality, and has the saving grace of proving that the wicked suffer in the end, although they may appear to enjoy themselves with some effort for a little while.

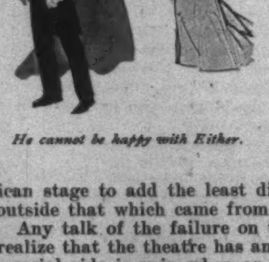


*Millie James.*

JOSEPH JEFFERSON was another incident of the springtime dramatic season. He came to the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and played, of course, "Rip Van Winkle," "The Rivals," and "The Cricket on the Hearth." It is difficult to remember when Mr. Jefferson has played any other rôles in New York. He acted, of course, with the same mastery of his art that has made him the greatest American comedian of his time, and protested publicly on several occasions that he had no idea of leaving the stage for years to come, and did not propose to be regarded as a figure likely to disappear so quickly that the opportunity to catch a glimpse of him while he is in view was not to be lost.

Mr. Jefferson's art is quite as delightful as ever, and nobody would think now of disputing his right to be called the greatest American actor of his time. He shows no especial pride in this distinction. He might manifest that feeling in very gratifying fashion if he felt inclined. No man could so significantly attempt to establish an academic standard for the American theatre. If his periodic visits to New York brought forth something more than the revival of his three familiar plays, New York would await him with very different feelings.

Mr. Jefferson has the authority, wealth, and following to make the annual appearances here of the greatest of our actors the dominating incident of the dramatic season. But that would require something more ambitious than the merely competent performance of his three old comedies. It would demand the acting of some play which in itself and in the manner of its production represented the best achievement possible on the American stage. Mr. Jefferson's intentions in regard to his retirement would have much wider public interest if this had been his plan for several years. But when he does retire finally it will never be written that he had at any time used his preeminence on the American stage to add the least distinction to the theatre outside that which came from his own talents.



*He cannot be happy with Either.*

Any talk of the failure on the part of managers to realize that the theatre has an artistic as well as commercial side is vain when an actor in Mr. Jefferson's position is satisfied to act year after year, with associates that are moderately competent, the insignificant trio of plays in which he has recently been seen here. He is rich in reputation and money, and in his case the experiment of an annual attempt to do something for the dignity of the stage which calls him its leader would not be risky. Sir Henry Irving stuck to his standards, and set for his associates on the English stage a high criterion. Beerbohm Tree, gifted with a slight natural talent, is clinging manfully to the same attempt. But Mr. Jefferson was never known to give the least evidence that he realized the duties that went along with the honors to a nation's greatest actor.

Joseph Jefferson's engagement at the Fifth Avenue served to end the theatre's career with some brilliancy. It is to be devoted henceforth to the prevailing vaudeville that is offered at almost any time during the day and night, and will serve to introduce this kind of entertainment to Broadway. Six other theatres were closed two weeks ago, and the scarcity of available plays was the confessed reason for this unprecedented early cessation of activity. It is not surprising that the owner of the Fifth Avenue preferred to take the chances with the apparently plentiful vaudeville supply in sight rather than close up from the lack of appropriate plays.

# THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

THE recent missionary meetings in New York have been of great interest not only to the thousands who attended them, but to the hundreds of thousands who have followed them more or less closely in the newspapers. The addresses of the speakers have been carefully and fully reported in many journals, and many of them have been very helpful to our knowledge of the conditions of life in remote parts of the world. There never has been so keen an appetite in this country for information about the course of humanity in the outlying districts, and especially in the Orient, as there is now. On the whole the missionaries' stories have been reassuring, both in their bearing on the work that is being done to Christianize the heathen and to civilize the barbarous, and in the means they have afforded to contrast the condition of the countries which send out missionaries with the countries that receive them. We are a good deal prone to self-disparagement and to gloomy views about our beliefs and the good they do us, but the missionaries who have lived in the heathen countries seem to have no doubt at all that the religion and the civilization they carry abroad are clearly and indisputably superior, both in theory and in their fruits, to anything they find in the countries they go to.

* * *

ONE of the speakers at one of the supplementary missionary meetings was the Rev. Wilbur Crafts, the temperance advocate, who spoke for the restraint of liquor-selling to uncivilized or semicivilized races who come under American influence or control. It is a good cause, and well worth advocating if handled in the right way. But Mr. Crafts was quoted as saying: "If Christian nations have not made 'ten drunkards to one Christian' in Asia it is largely because we have there met two great total-abstinence religions—the Mohammedan and the Buddhist, whose adherents number half the race."

The temperance advocates, of whom Mr. Crafts is a conspicuous example, are doing what they can to make Christianity a total-abstinence religion also. They seem prone to consider that if the Christian world could only be weaned from strong drink all the virtues would flourish in it, and there would be practically no more sin in Christian countries. It is to be hoped that they have read the missionaries' stories and learned how considerable a measure of miscellaneous wickedness is compatible in Eastern countries with temperance in drink, and even with a general prevalence of total abstinence. If they read the disclosures of Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop about the lives of women in Mohammedan countries, and the testimony of various missionaries about matters in India, and generally in the East, it must help them to comprehend that however much harm rum does—and it does a lot—it is by no means the root of all evil. It seems unwise in them to direct our attention to the religions that inculcate total abstinence, for they are all decadent religions, and the civilizations that are based on them are dying out. The most successful Prohibitionist that ever lived was Mohammed. Nothing could well be more discouraging to the Prohibitionists of our day than contemplation of the character and general predicament of Mohammed's followers.

* * *

READERS who have not formally abjured consideration of all literature bearing on the Sampson-Schley controversy have doubtless noticed that some recent remarks attributed to Captain F. E. Chadwick about that controversy and about Admiral Schley have been widely published in the papers, and have excited much attention. They have even come to the notice of the Navy Department, which has reprimanded Captain Chadwick for making them. What has happened to him is worth a moment's consideration, if only for the light—or more properly the shadow—it throws on the newspaper business.

On April 22 the New York *World* unpacked a new budget of Sampson-Schley literature, which was duly assimilated. The next day the Brooklyn *Eagle* published a despatch from Washington dated April 23, beginning:

"The publication in the New York *World* of news of General Felix Agnus's campaign in favor of Rear-Admiral Schley has tended to make the Santiago captains, if anything, more bitter than they were before against Schley and his friends. In conversation with the *Eagle* correspondent to-day Captain Chadwick said," etc., etc.

In a despatch dated April 26 and published in the *Eagle* of that date the same correspondent says:

"Captain Chadwick came on to Washington ten days ago to attend the meeting of the naval policy board, which held its first session on the 16th inst. It was at that time, while in conversation with the *Eagle* correspondent, that he gave utterance to the expressions regarding Rear-Admiral Schley which appeared in the *Eagle* on Monday last."

Hence we see that when the *Eagle* correspondent represented Captain Chadwick as freeing his mind on April 23, *after* reading the discourse in the *World*, he caused a reputable newspaper to publish news that he knew to be false. The impression given was that Captain Chadwick had been provoked by a newspaper story to talk for publication about the concerns of the navy, whereas whatever he said was said at least five days before the *World's* story came out. It appears from his letter to Secretary Long, since published, that what he said at that time "was in no sense and in no part intended for publication." The good faith, veracity, and discretion of the Washington correspondent are very generally trusted by public men, and it would be interesting to know how such an exploit as that of the *Eagle's* representative is regarded by the fellow-correspondents of that too enterprising scribe.

* * *

THE perils of Fifth Avenue in its present congested condition, with trucks, vans, delivery wagons, and carriages disputing for passage, were sadly illustrated by the death on April 28 of Mr. Alfred Jones, the artist and engraver, who was knocked down by a cab in front of the Waldorf Hotel. He was taken to a hospital and died very soon afterwards.

Mr. Jones was born in 1819, in Liverpool, but was brought to New York in 1824, and has been known for nearly sixty years as an artist in oils and water-colors and an engraver of very high standing. For many years he was connected with the American Bank Note Company. As long ago as 1839 he took a first prize at the National Academy of Design, for a drawing; and his work soon found favor with the public. For some years following 1846 he studied in Europe. Among his best-known pictures are "The Capture of Major André" and "Mexican News." In 1851 he became a member of the National Academy of Design, which he afterwards served as its treasurer. He was a member also of the American Water-Color Society. One example of his work which every one has seen is the two-cent postage-stamp of the Columbian series.

* * *

THERE will be many mourners for Francis Gilbert Attwood, who died on April 30 at Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. His drawings, which have been a feature of *Life* ever since it started, and have appeared in many of the magazines, have had too much merit and have been too continuously interesting not to have made him many friends. He has died comparatively young, for he was not more than forty-four years old, yet his talent seemed to have reached its full development. It first made itself known to the public by his sketches in the Harvard *Lampoon*, in 1876, where his pictures of the manners and customs of the Harvard students in the manner of Richard Doyle made a greater hit than any drawings in a college paper have ever made before or since. They gave him a clew to his business in life, and he followed it closely ever after. Most of his work, and doubtless the best of it, is in the bound volumes of *Life*, from which, it is understood, a collection of his drawings is to be made. It is due to his memory that such a collection should be made, for he devoted his life to illustration in periodicals, and it will be hard to realize, unless his drawings are collected, how much work he did that was exquisite of its kind and amply worth preserving. He had an exceedingly sympathetic and appreciative mind, and made the illustration of literature that he liked more a labor of love than a matter of business. He had also a true New England conscience, that furnished him with very decided views of right and wrong, and intense opinions in matters of politics. He was a good man, modest, gentle, faithful, and not without his share of the stuff that heroes are made of.

* * *

THE late Charles Perit Sherman, long a sugar-merchant in New York, turns out to have made the Cathedral of St. John the Divine the residuary legatee of his estate. He left charitable and other bequests amounting to nearly $300,000, but the expectation is that the estate will yield a very substantial sum—perhaps $250,000—to the Cathedral. That seems to promise that the upraising of the Cathedral's big arches will be actively continued this summer.

* * *

MR. LEITER once commended his son-in-law, Lord Curzon, as a good man of excellent moral principles. He laid more stress on that than on either his rank or his abilities. A despatch from Simla tells a story that bears on Lord Curzon's moral sense. Last year some soldiers in a British regiment committed an outrageous crime against a Burmese woman. Not much was done about it at the time, but it seems that Lord Curzon took it up and ordered an investigation, as a result of which the colonel and sergeant-major of the regiment have been compulsorily retired, the adjutant has had to resign, and eight soldiers have been dismissed from the army.

* * *

THE New York *Evening Post* says that Judge Canty of Minneapolis is considered one of the ablest jurists in Minnesota, and enjoys the respect of all parties. The judge has been to the Philippines to buy hemp for the twine factory of the Minnesota State prison. Our military prospects in the Philippines do not seem bright to him. He says it would take half a million men ten years to put down the insurrection, and that then it would not stay put. He says the Filipinos hate us, and that it is impossible to pacify them. He would have our troops withdrawn from the interior of the islands and our occupation confined to the seaports. He thinks we should control the customs and all the foreign relations of the islands, but should encourage the natives in the interior to set up local governments for themselves, agreeing to let them alone as long as they kept order. He thinks we should recognize the scrape we are in, give up the impossible, and make the best of a bad job.

* * *

GENERAL OTIS does not seem to be so hopeless as Judge Canty. The *Sun* published an interview with him last week, in which he declared that the insurgents were coming to a fuller appreciation of the value and necessity of American protection, and were constantly giving evidence of better dispositions. It seemed to him that the insurrection was over, and that the prospect of guerilla warfare of any consequence was very slight. He hoped it would soon be possible to use native troops to police the interior districts, and he believed that when the term of enlistment of the American volunteers expired it would not be necessary to replace them.

* * *

THE death of General Wilson's wife, on April 28, at Matanzas, makes a grievous ending to the general's term of service in Cuba. As readers of the WEEKLY know, Mrs. Wilson's clothes took fire in some way while she was driving, and she died from the effects of burns. The disaster has stirred profound sympathy for General Wilson, both at home and in Cuba, where both he and his wife had come to be beloved by a people to whose interests they had both been devoted. Mrs. Wilson's home was in Wilmington, and there she was buried. She was the daughter of Colonel John Andrews, who commanded a Delaware regiment in the civil war. She was married to General Wilson in 1866, and since he has been in Cuba she had spent a large part of each year there with him.

* * *

MR. LAWRENCE HUTTON, long of New York, and incidentally of Franklin Square, but now of Princeton, is lecturing this month to Seniors and Post-Graduates of Princeton University on "The Literary Landmarks of Oxford." In five lectures he covers a period of about 650 years, and makes to walk a notable succession of lettered ghosts, from Erasmus to John Ruskin. It is a rich field to work in, and few men are better qualified than Mr. Hutton to make it yield a full crop of culture. No reason suggests itself why other university communities should not profit in due time by these lectures, which will probably be repeated annually at Princeton for some years to come.

* * *

DESPATCHES from Salt Lake City report a very unusual development of Mormon enterprise. A Mormon scientific exploring expedition set out on April 17 for a fifteen months' exploring trip in Mexico and Central and South America. The company is made up of twenty students of Brigham Young Academy, in charge of President Cluff of the academy and two members of the faculty. The general purpose of the expedition is to search for ruined cities, photograph their remains, and to collect botanical, archæological, and anthropological specimens. Besides this it has a special religious errand. The Book of Mormon, it seems, claims to be a record of the ancient inhabitants of America, from the time of the Tower of Babel to the fifth century of the Christian era. The Mormon story is that the Nephites of the tribe of Manasseh came from Jerusalem to America about 600 B.C. The Mormon explorers hope to get on to the trail of the Nephites and perhaps to find the remains of their capital in the valley of the Magdalena. Their proposed course is through Mexico and Central America into Ecuador and Peru. The country is a rich field for explorers who are fever-proof. If the Mormon adventurers keep in health and are able to execute their plans, no doubt they will find abundant traces of prehistoric races, and it ought not to be difficult to make such ruins as they find fit into any story that they have in stock. They propose to return by sea from Valparaiso to San Francisco.

* * *

THE coal-mine explosion on May 1 at Scofield, Utah, seems to have been an appalling accident, with a death list that will approach 400. Such a loss of life in a battle in the Philippines or from the sinking of a steamer would make a profound stir, but the effect of coal-mine accidents, even when they are great tragedies like this one, is largely local, and the resulting fatality does not impress the world of newspaper-readers in proportion to its importance. The local distress that must result from the sudden death of 300 or 400 working-men in a small Utah settlement may easily be imagined, and no doubt relief measures will be devised in which the general public will be asked to co-operate.

The great fire at Ottawa, on April 26, so disastrous in its destruction of property, happily cost few lives, though it has left upwards of 12,000 people homeless. April and May seem to be keeping up their reputation as months that are especially profuse in their contributions to history.

# TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS

## BY SYDNEY BROOKS

THE visit of the Emperor of Austria to Berlin draws attention again to one of the most pathetic figures in the world's history. All his life Francis Joseph has been tried as with fire, buffeted by every exquisite experience of sorrow that a man can know, and almost every ignominy that a king can endure. He came to a throne that was shaken by revolution and an empire apparently crumbling to ruin. That empire still has a prospect of the same fate. By the fortunes of two bloody wars precious parts of it have been lost to his crown forever. In losing them it was his hard fate to expiate his father's sins. His only son died a violent death under circumstances that are still somewhat of a mystery. His brother Maximilian went to Mexico to establish an empire, but, as it turned out, only to find a grave. He fell under the weapons of his own subjects—if he could ever have been entitled to regard in that light men whose loyalty was never anything but a question of interest or of compulsion. Maximilian's wife, the Empress Charlotte, lost her reason under the blow. The Queen of Naples, the sister of the late Empress of Austria, was driven from her throne during the struggle for Italian independence. She came to Francis Joseph a fugitive from the ramparts of Gaeta, where she played the man's part, for want of a man capable of playing it, by encouraging the garrison, at the hazard of her own life, to a splendid but vain resistance. Less than two years ago came the last blow. The nation was just preparing to celebrate the jubilee of its patient, beloved, and sorely stricken monarch when the Empress was murdered by an Italian anarchist. With wife, son, and brother all lost, small wonder the Emperor cried out in his agony, "Is nothing to be spared me in this world?"

* * *

AND if the past has been bitter, the future seems almost as hopeless. If the cup of all possible personal suffering is full, the portents are dark with presage of political trouble. The empire seems tottering to its dissolution. For more than fifty years Francis Joseph has striven "to solder close impossibilities and make them kiss," and now at last the forces of disunion appear too strong even for his quiet and persuasive influence. If the Dual Monarchy holds together during the remainder of his lifetime, it will be a memorable tribute to the place he has won in the hearts of his people. If it survives his death for long, it will falsify the expectations of all Europe. The successor to the throne is a young man of neither talent nor conduct, little known or cared for, and seemingly helpless before the centrifugal forces that threaten the empire's disruption. The closing years of the hapless monarch's life are doomed to be preyed upon by a fearful anxiety for the realm that the Hapsburgs have ruled for six hundred years and more.

* * *

FRANCIS JOSEPH came to the throne a pupil of Metternich in politics and spiritually almost a vassal of the Holy See. His training and surroundings made him both a bigot and an autocrat. He found on his accession the whole empire in revolt. The revolt was crushed and the young Emperor put into practice the policy he had learned from his clever and reactionary mother. He tried to Germanize the entire realm and force the eight or nine nationalities that composed it to forget they had ever had languages and histories of their own. Solferino and Sadowa settled that scheme, and once free of absolutism, Francis Joseph developed a sturdy liberalism. Constitutionalism in Austria is not what it is in England. The Emperor reigns and rules. It is he who makes and unmakes ministries, sometimes without consulting the legislature. His voice determines the policy that is to be pursued. Foreign affairs are wholly in his hands, and on every matter of domestic policy he is, as it were, the final court of appeal. Napoleon was "Emperor" of the French "republic"; Francis Joseph is the representative of "constitutional absolutism." The liberal measures of the past thirty years must, therefore, be put down to his personal credit. So far as they have gone, —so far, that is, as any enactments can go in a country where race is everything—their effect has been uniformly good. Austria is not liberal in the sense in which England is liberal, but at least it is no longer a feudal state. To Francis Joseph belongs the credit of having finally broken with feudalism and its religious and political concomitants.

* * *

FOR nearly forty years Austria has been at peace with all the world but herself, and even the eternal jarrings of race with race have spent themselves in mutual attack and defence, and left the Emperor above party politics as a common point of agreement. The discordant nationalities are all at one in their respect and affection for the ruler who has always honestly and patiently sought their good. Francis Joseph is in one way the ideal monarch of the kind Walter Bagehot used to pray for—a man of sound common-sense and untiring intellectual and physical energy, who becomes in time a sort of permanent Secretary to the State, whose long experience of affairs is the sheet-anchor for minister after minister and cabinet after cabinet. No king has ever shown a greater aptitude for the part of general adviser, and his accessibility and frank, simple nature, as well as the tragedies of his life, have won over his people, just as his diligence and knowledge and good judgment have impressed themselves on ministers and foreign ambassadors. Such a man deserved a better fate than the one which has been dealt out to him with such malignant persistency.

* * *

THE meeting between the two Emperors, though purely a visit of courtesy on the part of Francis Joseph, is a reminder that the Triple Alliance has now reached its majority. Whether that instrument has any real validity left in it is another question. One would give a good deal to know just what Francis Joseph thinks of the treatment he has received at the hands of his powerful ally. Himself a man of the bluffest and most unaffected candor, he must have received with something like disgust Bismarck's confession that he had negotiated a secret agreement with Russia which took from the Triple Alliance all that Austria had hoped to gain by it. No country ever betrayed its ally more cynically than did Germany on that occasion. Nor have the relations between the two powers—putting aside the historical rivalry between the Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns—been all that the relations of allies should be since Bismarck's disclosures. The expulsion of Austrian subjects from Germany, though a good thing for the Father-land, which has Polish troubles of its own, was felt as a keen humiliation throughout the Dual Monarchy. Moreover, the cool assurances of the Forward Party in Germany, that German-speaking Austria is destined to become part of the German Empire when the realm of the Hapsburgs breaks up, is not the sort of thing to encourage friendliness. The Triple Alliance, indeed, has exhausted its mandate. It gave for a while a prestige and a position to Italy, a prestige and a position which have proved an overwhelming burden. But to Austria it has brought little benefit; her internal weakness has been too great to let her profit by its provisions. And Germany has got beyond the point where she needs its support. She has struck out a line for herself, and grown in wealth and power till the Triple Alliance has ceased to be useful even as a walking-stick.

* * *

WITH Mr. Robert Bond, the negotiator of the Bond-Blaine convention of 1890, at the head of the Newfoundland ministry, a very pretty problem in international politics is likely to come up for solution. It is certain that directly the new Premier feels himself firmly in the saddle, an effort will be made to arrange another reciprocity treaty with the United States. The Bond-Blaine convention was disallowed by Great Britain on the protest of Canada, Lord Salisbury holding Newfoundland in check with the promise that should Canada fail in her attempt to make terms for herself with the American government, no further difficulties would be put in the way of Newfoundland's concluding a private agreement. Canada made her attempt two years ago with a great flourish of trumpets, and every one remembers what a fiasco it was.

* * *

THERE are a great many considerations to be taken into account, for which I have no space. The vital ones, however, which give a clear enough idea of the situation, are these: The New England fishing fleet, which supplies the American market with the cod, halibut, and mackerel caught off the Great Banks, has to depend on Newfoundland waters for its bait—herring and squid being coast fish and only found within the three-mile limit. Under the Chamberlain-Bayard *modus vivendi* of 1888 American vessels are allowed to enter Newfoundland waters in search of bait by paying a license fee of $1 50 a ton register. This turns into the Newfoundland treasury about $16,000 a year—a mere bagatelle to the New-Englanders, whose fishing industry is worth at least $8,000,000 a year, employing about 500 vessels and over 7000 men; and only a very trifling compensation to the islanders compared with the profits they could make by being allowed to import fish into the States free of duty. The Bond-Blaine convention came to the easy and obvious arrangement of exchanging free fish for free bait—Newfoundland agreeing to allow American vessels to get all the bait they could catch without license fees of any kind, and America binding herself to admit Newfoundland fish free of duty.

* * *

AGAINST this arrangement Sir Charles Tupper protested on the ground that it divided the Atlantic coast fisheries which were common to the British North American colonies, and that it unfairly discriminated against Canada. Canadians, of course, enter Newfoundland waters on the same terms as the Newfoundlanders themselves, and to allow Americans to share in this privilege on the understanding that Newfoundland, but not Canadian, fish shall be admitted to the United States duty free, is an injustice to Canadian fishermen. Americans, however, refuse to consider Canada in the matter at all, holding that the question is simply one between themselves and Newfoundland. Canada's bait-supply is of little attraction to the New-Englanders, not being easily procurable, and lying too far from the main fishing-banks. Moreover, Newfoundland at the best can only export a limited portion of her catch—enough to lessen but not destroy the profits of American fishermen; while Canada, from her proximity to the American market and the comparatively small expense she is put to in carrying on the industry, could soon drive New England out of the business. The Americans, therefore, simply ignored Canada in framing the Bond-Blaine convention, and the Canadians, after a bitter squabble with Newfoundland, prevailed upon the British government to let the agreement go unratified.

* * *

HOW Lord Salisbury will act if the question comes up again it is impossible to say. Both Newfoundland and Canada at the present moment have placed Great Britain heavily in their debt—Newfoundland by renewing the French-shore *modus vivendi* for another year and so sparing Downing Street the necessity of tackling a very thorny question, and Canada by her magnificent and ungrudging services in South Africa. The simplest way out of the difficulty for Great Britain would seem to be the union of Newfoundland with Canada. This, of course, could only take place after the question of French fishing rights had been finally disposed of, and we have Mr. Chamberlain's word for it that that question comes high on the English diplomatic programme. It is not thought that if they were allowed full autonomy the Newfoundlanders would object very seriously to becoming a part of the Dominion.

* * *

AFTER the recent conference in New York there can be no excuse for any one remaining in ignorance of what missionaries think of the value of their operations in foreign countries. The opinion of the traveller, the opinion of the English or American residents on the scene of missionary labors, and especially the opinion of diplomatists, consuls, and statesmen, naturally did not come up for discussion. Yet the opinions of these men cannot be put on one side if one is to reach an impartial estimate of missionary endeavors, particularly as they stand out in curious contradiction to the views of missionaries themselves. How is it that in private conversation with ninety-nine out of a hundred men who have watched the missionary at work in India, China, or Japan one hears little but the severest criticism of them and their work? That such is the fact will hardly be disputed by any one who has mixed much with members of the little American and European communities that are dotted over "heathen" countries. I am not speaking of tourists' impressions, but of the deliberate judgments of men of all ranks and callings who have lived for years on the spot. We take, for instance, the opinion of a man like Mr. Stafford Ransome, a man accustomed to going deeply into public questions, and, as his book *Japan in Transition* shows, an observer of unimpeachable honesty. Mr. Ransome complains that "the present (1899) state of Christianity in Japan is at once a painful and unsatisfactory subject to write about." He indorses the observations of a leading Japanese journal that Christianity, at first welcomed, and afterwards bitterly opposed, is now "treated with indifference." He declares that one may safely say there is not one *bona fide* Japanese Christian in every 100,000 of the population; and surmises that the missionary returns of "converts" include "every Japanese who raises no objection to being called a Christian to please the missionaries." And like others before him, he draws attention to the multiplicity of sects, which bewilders the natives and makes them scornful of the whole movement, to the personal unfitness of a great number of the missionaries, the task of "converting the heathen" having been "intrusted largely to men who are utterly unqualified, either by education, training, or mode of life, for dealing with the subject"—to the easy, well-paid life led by the majority of missionaries—the Roman Catholics always excepted—and to the fact, which no one who knows the Far East will gainsay, that usually "in renouncing their own faith, these so-called Christians have merely been reduced to having no *bona fide* faith at all, and have become debased and degraded in the process of conversion to a 'Christianity' which is only Christian in name."

* * *

PRECISELY the same criticisms come from India and China, from everywhere, in fact, where missionaries are confronted with an older faith and an older civilization. The country where missionaries are best spoken of and where on the whole they have achieved their finest work is unquestionably Africa, and they have been successful in Africa because there they have had to deal, not with a fully-rounded creed and a systematized code of ethics, antedating Christianity and European civilization by many thousands of years, but with a stunted intellectual growth and a variety of barbaric superstitions. The British Empire in Africa was practically built up on the graves of missionaries, just as it was missionaries who first made the Fiji Islands and Hawaii possible. Empire-building is a by-product of their labors, for which full credit should be allowed, though empire-ruling, as the experience of the last hundred years has shown, could hardly fall into worse hands. The world is also under a considerable debt to missionaries for their discoveries in geography, philology, and archæology. But in their own chosen field opinion seems to agree that they fail the most in their attempts to "convert the heathen," and succeed the most in medical, educational, and charitable work. There they show themselves worthy upholders of a genuinely heroic tradition.

# Mr. Dooley: On Methods of Finance[*]

BY F. P. DUNNE

"I THINK," said Mr. Dooley, "I'll go down to th' stock yards an' buy a dhrove iv Steel an' Wire stock."

"Where wud ye keep it?" asked the unsuspecting Hennessy.

"I'll put it out on th' vacant lot," said Mr. Dooley, "an' lave it grow fat by atin' ol' bur-rd cages an' tin cans. They'se plinty iv wather ar-round here, an' I'd have no throuble about watherin' th' stock. I'll milk it hard, an' whin 'tis dhry I'll dispose iv it to th' widdies an' orphans iv th' Sixth Ward that need household pets. Be hivins, if they give me half a chanst, I'll be as gr-reat a fi-nanceer as anny man in Wall Sthreet.

"Th' reason I'm so confident iv th' value iv Steel an' Wire stock, Hinnissy, is they're goin' to hur-rl th' chairman iv th' comity into jail. That's what th' pa-apers calls a ray iv hope in th' clouds iv dipression that 've covered th' market so long. 'Tis always a bull argymint. 'Snowplows common was up two pints this mornin' on th' rumor that th' prisidint was undher ar-rest.' 'They was a gr-reat bulge in Lobster preferred caused be th' report that instead iv declarin' a dividend iv three hundhred per cent. th' comp'ny was preparin' to imprison th' board iv directors.' Con and Founder. This comp'ny is in 'We sthrongly ricommind th' purchase iv ixcillint condition since th' hangin' iv th' comity on reorganization.'

"What's th' la-ad been doin', Hinnissy? He's been lettin' his frinds in on th' groun' flure—an' dhroppin' thim into th' cellar. Ye know Cassidy, over in th' Fifth, him that was in th' Ligislachure? Well, sir, he was a gr-reat frind iv this man. They met down in Springfield whin th' la-ad had something he wanted to get through that wud protect th' widdies an' orphans iv th' counthry again their own avarice, an' he must 've handed Cassidy a good argymint, f'r Cassidy voted f'r th' bill, though threatened with lynchin' be stockholders iv th' rival comp'ny. He came back here so covered with dimons that wan night whin he was standin' on th' rollin'-mill dock th' captain iv th' *Eliza Brown* mistook his shirt front f'r th' bridge lights an' steered into a soap facthry on th' lee or gashouse shore.

"Th' man made a sthrong impression on Cassidy. 'Twas, 'As me frind Jawn says,' or, 'I'll ask Jawn about that,' or, 'I'm goin' down town to-day to find out what Jawn advises.' He used to play a dollar on th' horses or sivin-up f'r th' dhrinks, but afther he met Jawn he wanted me to put in a ticker, an' he used to set in here figurin' with a piece of chalk on how high Wire'd go if hoop-skirts came into fashion again. 'Give me a dhrop iv whiskey,' he says, 'f'r I'm inthrested in Distillers,' he says, 'an' I'd like to give it a shove,' he says. 'How's Gas?' he says. 'A little weak to-day,' says I. ''Twill be sthronger,' he says. 'If it ain't,' says I, 'I'll take out th' meter an' connect th' pipe with th' ventilator. I might as well bur-rn th' wind free as buy it,' I says.

"A couple iv weeks ago he see Jawn an' they had a long talk about it. 'Cassidy,' says Jawn, 'ye've been a good frind iv mine,' he says, 'an' I'd do annything in the wurruld f'r ye, no matther what it cost ye,' he says. 'If ye need a little money to tide over th' har-rd times till th' Ligislachure meets again, buy'—an' he whispered in Cassidy's ear. 'But,' he says, 'don't tell annywan. 'Tis a good thing, but I want to keep it bottled up,' he says.

"Thin Jawn took th' thrain an' begun confidin' his secret to a few silict frinds. He give it to th' conductor on th' thrain, an' th' porther, an' th' candy butcher; he handed it to a switchman that got on th' platform at South Bend, an' he stopped off at Detroit long enough to tell about it to th' deepo' polisman. He had a sign painted with th' tip on it an' hung it out th' window, an' he found a man that carried a thrombone in a band goin' over to Buffalo, an' he had him set th' good thing to music an' play it through th' thrain. Whin he got to New York he stopped at th' Waldorf Asthoria, an' while th' barber was powdhrin' his face with groun' dimons Jawn tol' him to take th' money he was goin' to buy a policy ticket with an' get in on th' good thing. He tol' th' bootblack, th' waiter, th' man at th' news-stand, th' clerk behind th' desk, an' th' bartinder in his humble abode. He got up a stereopticon show with pitchers iv a widow an' orphan befure an' afther wirin', an' he put an advertisement in all th' pa-apers tellin' how his stock wud make weak men sthrong. He had th' tip sarved hot in all th' resthrants in Wall Sthreet, an' told it confidintially to an open-air meetin' in Madison Square. 'They'se nawthin,' he says, 'that does a tip so much good as to give it circulation,' he says. 'I think, be this time,' he says, 'all me frinds knows how to proceed, but—great hivins!' he says. 'What have I done? Whin all th' poor people go to get th' stock they won't be anny f'r thim. I cannot lave thim thus in th' lurch. Me reputation as a gintleman an' a financeer is at stake,' he says. 'Rather than see these brave people starvin' at th' dure f'r a morsel iv common or preferred, I'll—I'll sell them me own stock,' he says. An' he done it. He done it, Hinnissy, with unfaltherin' courage an' a clear eye. He sold thim his stock, an' so's they might get what was left at a raisonable price, he wrote a confidential note to th' pa-apers tellin' thim th' stock wasn't worth thirty cints a cord. An' now, be hivins, they're talkin' iv puttin' him in a common jail or pinitinchry preferred. Th' ingratichood iv man."

"But what about Cassidy?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"Oh," said Mr. Dooley, "he was in here las' night. 'How's our old frind Jawn?' says I. He said nawthin'. 'Have ye seen ye'er collidge chum iv late?' says I 'Don't mintion that ma-an's name,' says he. 'To think iv what I've done f'r him,' he says, 'an' him to throw me down,' he says. 'Did ye play th' tip?' says I. 'I did,' says he. 'How did ye come out?' says I. 'I haven't a cint lift but me renommynation f'r th' Ligislachure,' says he. 'Well,' says I, 'Cassidy,' I says, 'ye've been up again what th' pa-apers calls hawt finance,' I says. 'What th' divvle's that?' says he. 'Well,' says I, 'it ain't burglary, an' it ain't obtainin' money be false pretinses, an' it ain't manslaughter,' I says. 'It's what ye might call a judicious seliction fr'm th' best features iv thim ar-rts,' I says. ''Twas too sthrong f'r me,' he says. 'It was,' says I. 'Ye're about up to simple thransom-climbin',' Cassidy, I says."

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STORE NOTES.

IMPORTED COSTUMES, WRAPS, NEW SILKS AND VELVETS AT ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.'S The new silks and velvets are exquisitely delicate in coloring and effective in design, and the most attractive collection of these beautiful fabrics for spring and summer wear is to be seen at ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & CO.'S, Broadway and Nineteenth Street. The floral-bordered chines, in all the pastel tints, mousseline taffeta with all-over floral design or spray effect, taffeta with raised stripe, hand-painted liberty, double width, in floral design and a herringbone weave, represent the novelties in the silk line. A beautiful fabric has faille foundation and brocaded effect in rose clusters and ribbon bowknots. Panne foulard in Oriental effects and Ottoman foulards in all the fashionable colors are among the new summer goods, and a decidedly effective novelty is a foulard dress pattern to be had either in graduated clover-leaf or polka-dot design, the larger figures being used for the skirt and the smaller ones for the waist. The assortment of crepes includes beautiful fancy meteors in pastel colorings. In some the ground is tinted and the figure white, and again there is an embroidered figure. Panne Parisian crepe in variety of patterns and a new effect with mottled ground and rose design are also included in the list. The silk mousselines in a combination of colorings and the pompadour designs are exceedingly effective.

In the costume department are many beautiful gowns by French designers. Paquin is well represented, a white crepe de chine in combination with embroidered black taffeta, and a black and taffeta with Oriental embroidery being particularly noticeable. Paquin's specialty is the "1830 sleeve," as it is called, which consists of a full gathered undersleeve and tight fitting upper one. The skirts by this designer are also strikingly attractive, especially the broad box plaited effect noticed in a steel gray cloth gown, and another of silk with several rows of shirring over the hips. The bolero jacket forms part of nearly every costume, and batiste embroidery and applique is a feature also. A beautiful Raudnitz model in gray cloth and changeable silk, and a Doucet gown of black mousseline de soie are very handsome. The coats and wraps are as beautiful as the gowns, particularly the tucked taffeta Etons with embroidered revers and the silk and chiffon combinations elaborately trimmed with lace, some having long ends of chiffon or fringed crepe de chine. A driving-coat of tan cloth with taffeta straps and lining and a ball wrap by Francis composed of alternate rows in Bayadere effect of beige satin and point d'esprit over satin represent the novelties, together with a tan cloth Inverness. The separate bodices in every conceivable combination of tucked silk, embroidered batiste, and lace are exceedingly beautiful, some being made without lining. In matinees, silk petticoats, and lingerie there is an extensive collection of new goods from Paris, all of them exquisitely dainty and beautiful.

Their carpet and upholstery department has long been recognized as a leading place, and where one might find the largest assortment. It is always understood that the patterns of Arnold, Constable & Co. are exclusive, and, therefore, not obtainable elsewhere. In their rug department one finds an assortment unequalled in this city; rugs from every centre of the globe and patterns that surely must be exclusive.— [*Adv.*]

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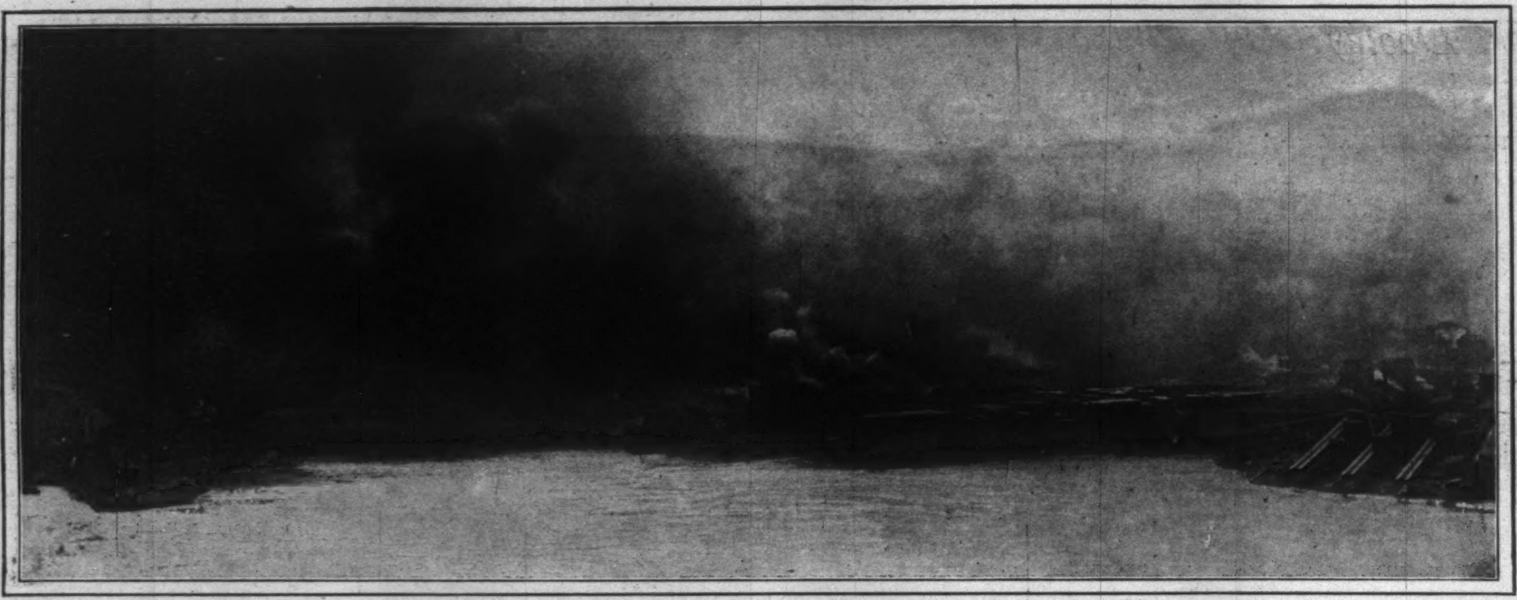
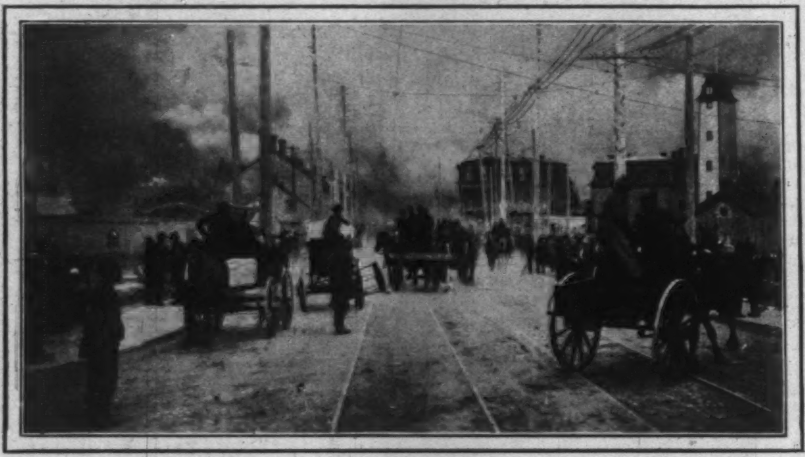
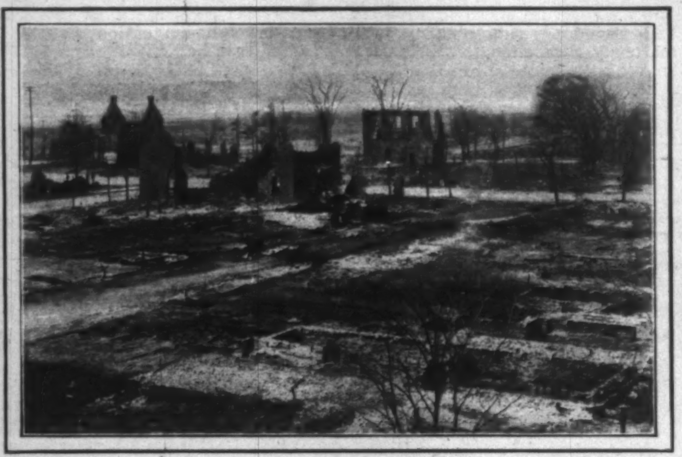


THE FIRE LEAPING THE RIVER FROM HULL TO OTTAWA.



THE BURNING DISTRICT OF OTTAWA.



THE REMAINS OF QUEEN STREET, OTTAWA.

THE PARTIAL DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE CITIES OF OTTAWA AND HULL, APRIL 26, 1900.

## *The United States' Claim on Turkey*

THERE exists at present between the governments of the United States and Turkey what is known as a state of "strained relations." The United States demand that Turkey shall pay an indemnity of about $100,000 for missionary property destroyed during the Armenian massacres of 1895. Turkey has promised to pay the money—the Sultan has even given his personal word three times to do so—but promising to pay does not mean to pay when a Turk, even the biggest Turk of them all, the Sultan himself, makes the promise. And now the United States have reached that stage in international affairs where "patience is exhausted," and where it has become necessary to strive to enforce the payment of the claim. It is a question directly affecting national dignity on both sides—directly affecting national honor on the part of Turkey, and indirectly on the part of the United States. The United States may have to make use of war-ships to assert national dignity. There will probably be no need to use them to uphold national honor, and hence, if force is necessary to collect the money, there is little prospect that it will result in a state of war.

These claims for damages arise out of the destruction of eight buildings of the Euphrates College at Harpoot and of certain buildings belonging to American missionaries at Marash. There is evidence that cannot be disputed, in the shape of cannon balls, that the Turkish soldiers had the chief part in the destruction of these buildings. No less than three of our ministers to Turkey, in the five years since the outrages occurred, have been trying to collect the money to pay for the damage done to American property. Minister Terrell, during the second Cleveland administration, filed the claim for damages. He accomplished nothing toward its collection. President McKinley sent Dr. Angell, president of Michigan University, over to see what he could do. He failed to get satisfaction, experienced diplomat that he was. The President then sent Mr. Oscar S. Straus, former minister to Turkey under Mr. Cleveland's administration, to try to bring Turkey to terms. He accomplished something; that is, he got promises to pay, three of them, but no money, and now he has come home, and the government is engaged in an effort to convince the Sultan that a promise to pay must really mean payment, or there will be a disagreeable time ahead for all concerned, especially Turkey.

The reason why the Sultan desires to evade payment—that is, open payment—is not so much that he cannot get the $100,000 as that if he yields to the United States he will have to pay claims to other nations, notably England, France, and Italy, for damages caused by Armenian massacres. The Turkish treasury is always impoverished, but it would be a simple thing to divert a bagatelle of $100,000 from one fund to another. It is not so much the paying as the paying in sight of all creation that bothers the Sultan. He has offered to have a war-ship built in this country, the contractors to pay the Armenian outrage bill, and to charge the same in their ship-construction account. That might have been a successful way out of the trouble a year or two ago, for the United States would probably have been glad to settle indirectly as well as directly; the main point at that time was to get the money. Publicity, however, has put a different phase upon the matter. The prestige of this country is involved in collecting this bill. All the other nations are watching with intense interest this struggle between the two countries, and the United States have been compelled to send word that payment must not only be prompt, but must be open.

There can be no doubt of the justice of the American claims. They have been examined with the utmost care. The Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, and then the Council of Ministers, passed upon them, and there was nothing left for the Sultan to do, in accordance with Turkish ideas, but to promise to pay, meaning doubtless an intention to pay whenever it might become convenient.

Several courses of action are open to the United States. The first in ordinary cases would be to suspend diplomatic relations. That might shame some nations, but it is not likely that Turkey would mind it much. At any rate, it is a good deal cheaper to blush than to pay a lot of money to persistent creditors; and it is an open question whether Turkey could blush over such a trifle. Another course open would be to send another minister to see what he could do. Mr. Straus has already sent in his resignation, but it hasn't been accepted. Perhaps another man might go a step further than Mr. Straus, and not only get promises to pay, but get some of the money; he might start up the instalment plan in the payment of claims by poverty-stricken countries, and thus add the novelty of weekly collections to the routine of diplomacy.

There remains the plan of using force. Within three years Austria and Italy have showed how to collect money from the Sultan. The simple expedient of using a war-ship has been used. An Austrian subject was maltreated in Asia Minor. A threat of bombardment brought about the payment of an indemnity. An Italian merchant-ship was robbed in the Red Sea. The appearance of an Italian man-of-war brought prompt settlement. It has been suggested that the United States could seize the custom-house at Smyrna or Salonica and collect the damages due. The honor of this country in that case would be involved, first to the extent of notifying other nations of our exact purposes, and then by the withdrawal of our forces the very moment that our claim was satisfied. A threat of bombardment would probably not be necessary. A bombardment would take on the appearance of an act of war, which would be undesirable.

It has been suggested that it would probably be unnecessary to occupy custom-houses to collect the damages, the mere threat to do so and the appearance of a man-of-war being all that would be required. It has also been suggested that the Sultan secretly wishes that the United States would adopt this course. It would give him an excuse for delaying the recognition of other claims. There is little likelihood that other nations would object to this show of force. The expedient of seizing a custom-house has been adopted more than once in the Western Hemisphere by European nations to collect debts, and this country has never raised serious objection, probably because it could not do so justly. If the United States adopted similar methods against Turkey probably no protests would be heard. There has been a hint from Europe that the present agitation has been made for campaign purposes and is not serious. The appearance of an American man-of-war would probably dispel that illusion. The fact is that the United States is saying in a loud voice to the Sultan, "Pay!" It may take the roar of a gun to make him hear as he should hear, but probably one shot will be sufficient.

**FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.**

## *The Great Fire at Ottawa*

A FIRE, that was swept into a furious blaze by a gale of wind, started in Hull on the Ottawa River, in Ontario, opposite the city of Ottawa, on Thursday morning, April 26, destroyed Hull, leaped the river and reduced the western part of Ottawa to ruins. It burned for nearly twenty hours, and caused a loss of $15,000,000. Nearly 2500 buildings were destroyed in both places, and from 18,000 to 20,000 persons were made homeless. Seven lives, those of five men and two women, were lost. It was one of the most disastrous fires that was ever known in Canada. It was impossible to cope with the flames. Other cities sent aid, but the firemen could simply try to direct the pathway of the flames.

Only three buildings of large size were left in Hull. They were the Gilmour saw-mill, the Eddy sulphite mill, and the Roman Catholic cathedral. The area burned over in Ottawa was two and one-half miles long and one-half mile wide. Fully 7000 persons were thrown out of employment. The town of Hull is a lumber centre. Ottawa also deals heavily in lumber, and it was because of this fact that the fire raged severely. It is said to have started in a defective flue. After it had got beyond control, separate fires, started undoubtedly by incendiaries, were discovered. A few days before this an attempt had been made to blow up the lock in the Welland Canal, and that fact with the incendiary part of the fire in Ottawa led to the belief by many that Boer sympathizers had started the fire for revenge against England and Canada for sending troops to South Africa. No definite proof of any such conspiracy has been found, but public buildings and stores of consequence, such as arsenals, have been ordered guarded since.

As soon as the great distress of Ottawa and Hull became known offers of help and help itself began to arrive. Queen Victoria sent a special message of inquiry as to the extent of the loss. Newspapers in England especially declared that the mother-country must prove its affection towards Canada. Mayor Van Wyck of New York and the Mayors of other American cities issued appeals for help.

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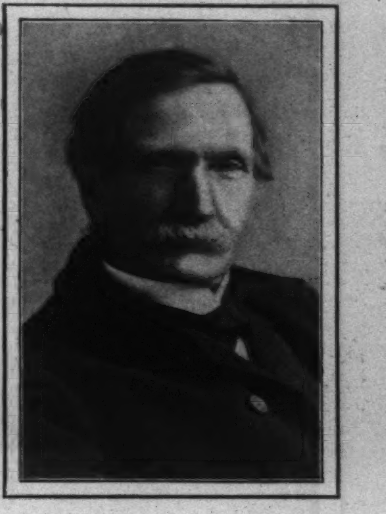
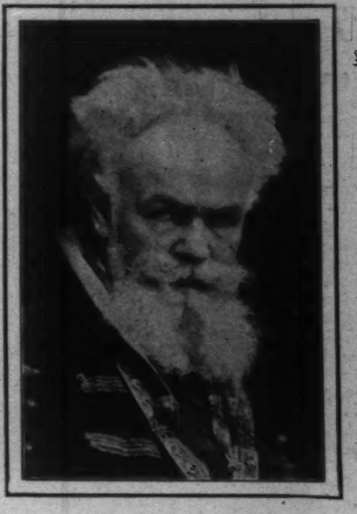


ALFRED JONES,
Born April 7, 1819. Died April 28, 1900.



MIHALY MUNKACZY,
Died May 1, 1900.

## *Admiral Dewey's Western Trip*

CHICAGO has a splendid way of undertaking big things and carrying them out on a scale hardly attempted elsewhere. The working committees furnish the plans and the essentials, and the tens of thousands of people, always ready for a holiday, do the rest.

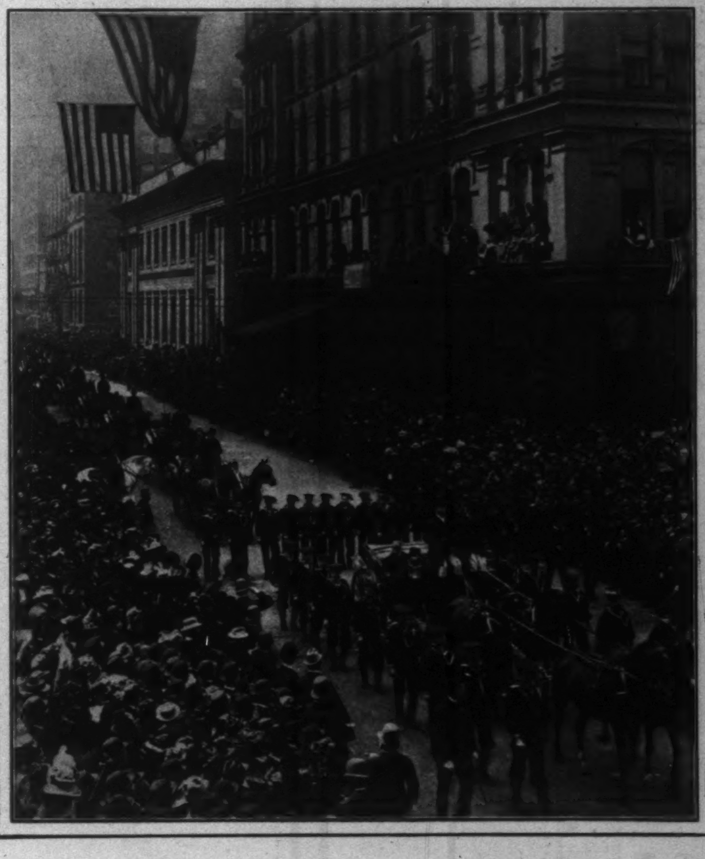
The reception of Admiral Dewey on May 1 was one exception to this rule. The plans of the committee were well laid and as faithfully carried out to the smallest detail. The entertainment was magnificent and sumptuous, the procession was long to weariness, the receptions were brilliant and cordial. It was a flattering tribute to any man, and Chicago made good her promises of months ago. The people of Chicago knew, however, when all was said and done, that it was not such an occasion as had been planned for the coming of the Admiral.

As it was, a crowd was there, but there is always a crowd on easy call in Chicago. Those who had the opportunity took a long look at the Admiral, and were pleased with what they saw. Ripples of applause ran along the streets as the guest of the day passed by. It was but the echo, however, of the roars which would have greeted him at his home-coming from abroad. Others have since come between the people and their sailor hero, and this is resented. The hero has also done his best to put himself on the common level, and has succeeded marvellously.

Admiral Dewey was emphatic when he left Washington, April 29, in eliminating the political element from his trip. He vetoed the usual convoy of newspaper men who usually accompany distinguished men on their swings around the circle. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad furnished him with a special train, magnificent in its conveniences even in these days of luxurious travel. The railroads of the country hauled this train free of cost from Washington to Chicago, from there to Jacksonville, Illinois, then to St Louis, and on through Memphis, Nashville, Knoxville and back to Washington, May 16, the trip taking over two weeks. Throughout the journey the reception accorded Admiral Dewey was most kindly. He seemed to thoroughly enjoy the situation. Always surrounded by many who desired to meet him, the centre of attraction everywhere, the honored guest of every occasion, he might well be satisfied with the attention shown to him.

All this was for the naval hero, the man who restored American sea power to its rightful place in the eyes of the nations of the world. If at any moment the Admiral's thoughts wandered back to his platformless candidacy for the office he does not think it is so difficult to fill, he must have looked in vain for any encouragement. In all those many miles of journeyings, from all the thousands who thronged his pathway, North, West, and South, came not one voice which cheered him on his political way. He may not realize this, and may believe that because he said there should be no politics there were none, but it is hoped by his friends—and he has a nation of them—that he understands the American people well enough to know that were he indeed the people's candidate no word of his could stem the tide of popular endorsement.

J. D. WHELPLEY.



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# *The World of Finance*

THE most interesting incident in the financial situation of late has been the moderate movement of gold from this country to Europe. While it has been common to send gold abroad at this season in settlement of balances, this year the excess of exports over imports has kept up to such an extent that the commercial balance must have continued in our favor in spite of all deductions. The natural expectation would be a movement of gold in this direction, though expenses incurred in preparing for the Paris Exposition and the issue of letters of credit to be cashed for visitors will afford a heavy offset to foreign credits in our favor. The rate of exchange has not, in fact, risen to the export-point, and some inducement had to be offered by the Bank of France to draw American gold.

The fact of the matter is, that the stock of gold in the money centres of Europe has not increased to a normal extent during the last year or two, while in this country it has increased in a much larger measure than for a long period before. Gold is abundant with us. The government holds in its redemption fund, in the trust funds held against gold certificates and Treasury notes, and in its cash surplus something like $450,000,000, and the National banks hold approximately as much more. The total stock in the country is considerably in excess of $1,000,000,000, and is increasing at the rate of more than $150,000,000 a year. In fact, nearly $13,000,000 was coined in April.

Not only have we gold to spare, so far as the supply is concerned, but its plenitude, together with the increase in the volume of bank currency, has produced such ease in the money-market that loans are ruling at a very low rate. Money on call has been down to 1½ and 2 per cent., and is loaned for 60 to 90 days on good security at 3 per cent., while commercial paper of the best class is discounted at 4 per cent. At the same time, while the gold-supply is somewhat short in Europe in relation to the demand for its use, the rates for loans in London are from one to two per cent. higher than in New York, and the difference is still greater in Berlin, though somewhat less in Paris. The consequence is that foreign capitalists borrow funds in New York for their operations in this country, while American capital is loaned abroad for the advantage of higher interest. A million dollars of the gold lately sent out was for a four months' loan in Berlin, and other sums went in response to bids of the Bank of France, which is subject to unusual demands on account of the Exposition, and which maintains the policy of keeping its specie at a high level. American gold is sent abroad nowadays, not to settle commercial balances, but to secure a profit upon its use there. It is, in effect, sold or loaned instead of being paid out to liquidate obligations incurred in trade.

The easy money-market here is construed by some as a peril due to excessive currency, and as calculated to stimulate speculation and inflate prices, but so long as the bank-notes are readily redeemable in gold they are not likely to remain out in such volume as to create panic conditions. When money cannot be loaned at a profit a circulation subject to even a moderate tax will be curtailed.

The stock-market has been irregular of late, and its operations have been mostly limited to the professional traders or speculators. The disturbance caused by stock-jobbing performances in steel and sugar has frightened off the "outside public." Some uncertainty was created by the ominous outgivings about the iron and steel industries, but the chief effect was produced upon the price of the stocks of certain companies organized in the last two years with enormous capital in consolidating old concerns. Just how much value or earning power their shares represent is a matter of conjecture. Shares of the American Refining Company have been worked up and down by reports and denials regarding the settlement of the warfare between the "trust" and the competing concerns, while traction stocks have been uneasy about the effect of the special franchise tax.

While these disquieting incidents have made the stock-market weak and irregular, and confined it mostly to the speculators, the railroads continue to make favorable reports, and general business goes on undisturbed. Even the approaching political campaign seems to cause no apprehension.

A. K. FISKE.

Meyer Prinstein, of Syracuse University, making the World's Record of 24 Feet 7¼ Inches in the Broad Jump at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, April 28.

# *Sport at the Paris Exposition*

BY C. PERCY HURDITCH

AS to the actual entries for the Paris championships, of which mention was made in the last issue of the WEEKLY, nothing is as yet finally settled. Yale does not expect to enter any men, chiefly on account of the Oxford-Cambridge games last year, and it would be rather difficult to arrange for another team this year; but it is quite possible that some of the New Haven men may compete independently at the last moment.

Harvard is keeping dark regarding her intentions, and is evidently awaiting results of the Intercollegiate. One thing is certain, the enthusiasm is not lacking, and the supply is plentiful: Rice (high jump), Daly (broad jump), Hallowell (hurdles), Brown and Boal (hammer and shot), all won points in last year's Intercollegiate; and the career of Bonty (pole-vault) and Sprague (sprints) as new-comers will be watched with interest.

University of Pennsylvania has rarely entered on so promising a year, for all last year's cracks are available, and the new material will bear some watching. Kraenzlein (though at present rather under the weather) is still as strong as ever, and no one will attract more attention than he. The jumps look a gift for him, and he is going strong in the sprints; Remington in the hurdles has improved over last year; McCracken is reported as hurling the discus at 130 feet 6 inches, and putting shot at 44 feet, and this will take a lot of beating; Hare runs him a very close second in both events; Alex. Grant is sure to be prominent in the mile run; and Tewkesbury (100 and 220 yards) ought to more than hold his own with his remarkable speed. They leave New York for London on June 20, and will then cross to Paris.

Cornell has several good men in training, and the chances are strongly in favor of her being represented. Deming and Kinsey (pole vault), Hastings (440 and 880 yards), and Alexander (discus), are all improving. The recent good showing of her relay team has given her great encouragement.

Princeton is fairly certain to be depended on, as the expenses have nearly all been subscribed, though the trip will be for the most part an undergraduate affair. In Jarvis and Cregan Princeton possesses two of the fastest men in train-

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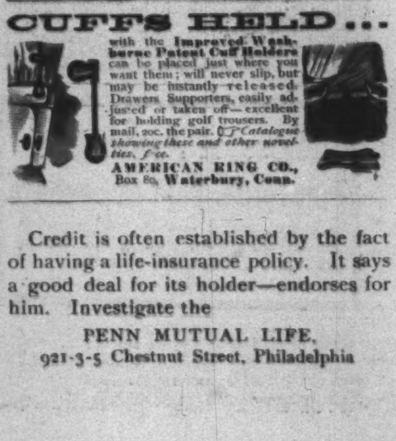

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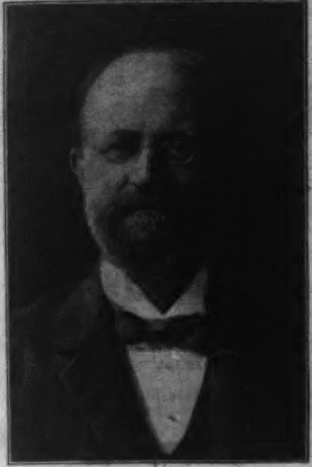


FRANK S. CAMPBELL,
**Assistant Secretary of the Interior.**

ing for the sprints, 880 yards, and one mile; and in Carroll and Serviss, collegians who can jump well over 6 feet at any time. They expect to sail on June 13.

Georgetown University has taken the matter up in a thoroughly businesslike way, and has no doubt of the result. The men have kept in good condition all winter. The fact that Georgetown has won more prizes at the various in-door meets this past season than any other university has caused her stock to go soaring upwards. The most prominent man from Georgetown is A. G. Duffy, who is generally conceded to be the smartest sprinter now running. Short-distance races seem to be the specialty of this university, for did not the great Wefers hail from here?

Syracuse University will of a certainty be represented by the following team: Harry G. Lee (captain) has entered for 100 mètres, 400 mètres, and 800 mètres; he has a record of 10 seconds for 100 yards and 50 3-5 seconds for quarter-mile; running weight, 154 pounds. R. Alfred Waite, entered for 100 and 400 mètres and broad jump, has record of 22 3-5 seconds for 220 yards; weight, 150 pounds; Meyer Prinstein (who holds the world's record of 24 feet 7¼ inches for the broad jump) entered for broad and high jumps, 100 and 400 mètres; weight, 145 pounds; W. F. Lewis, entered for 100 and 400 mètre hurdles, throwing discus, and 2500-mètre steeple-chase; weight, 153 pounds.

Williams College will send J. Bray, the captain of track team, who sails June 20, and has entered for distance events. He will probably represent America in the relay race, with Orton, Grant, and Cregan, and this combination will be very hard to beat.

The Lacrosse team of the Crescent Athletic Club has been practising all winter to get its men in good shape, and as all expenses have been defrayed by private subscription it only waits to hear that other entries have been received, when it will sail in the hope of duplicating its former successes abroad.

In rowing circles a good deal of interest attaches to the eights. Which team will have the honor of representing America the national regatta will decide. The contest practically lies between the Knickerbocker A. C. and the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia.

It is to be hoped that due care will be given to the laying of the track, at the Paris Exposition, for, strange as it may seem, this will be the first cinder path ever constructed by the French. No preparations have as yet been made, and unless this is seen to at once, the chances for any world's records being broken are very remote. Mr. Herbert, the English representative of the A. A. A., has pointed out to the executive that some expert should be appointed and engaged to lay down the foundation of the track, and then see that the surface is properly prepared, as was done in the Athenian games of 1896. M. Richiel, of the Racing Club, is superintendent; though the most important official, and one well known to this country, is Baron Pièrre de Coubertin, a thorough sportsman, to whom the French owe much in the way of athletic sports.

Reports from abroad seem to indicate that our men are expected to carry everything before them, and there is no doubt that without their entries the whole thing would be a fiasco. For some time it was feared that the English cracks would not compete, owing to the strained relations between the two countries, but this has been set at rest by the meeting of the A. A. A., in which it was decided that a team would be selected from the winners of this year's championships, so there is every probability of the meeting being thoroughly representative in character.

Our men, therefore, will have to do their very best, and it is to be sincerely hoped that redoubled interest will be taken by the authorities from now on, so that the pick of the colleges will be enabled to compete, not only at the London meeting, on July 7 (Stamford Bridge grounds), but at the Concours Internationaux d'Exercises Physiques et de Sports, Paris.

## The Boxers of China

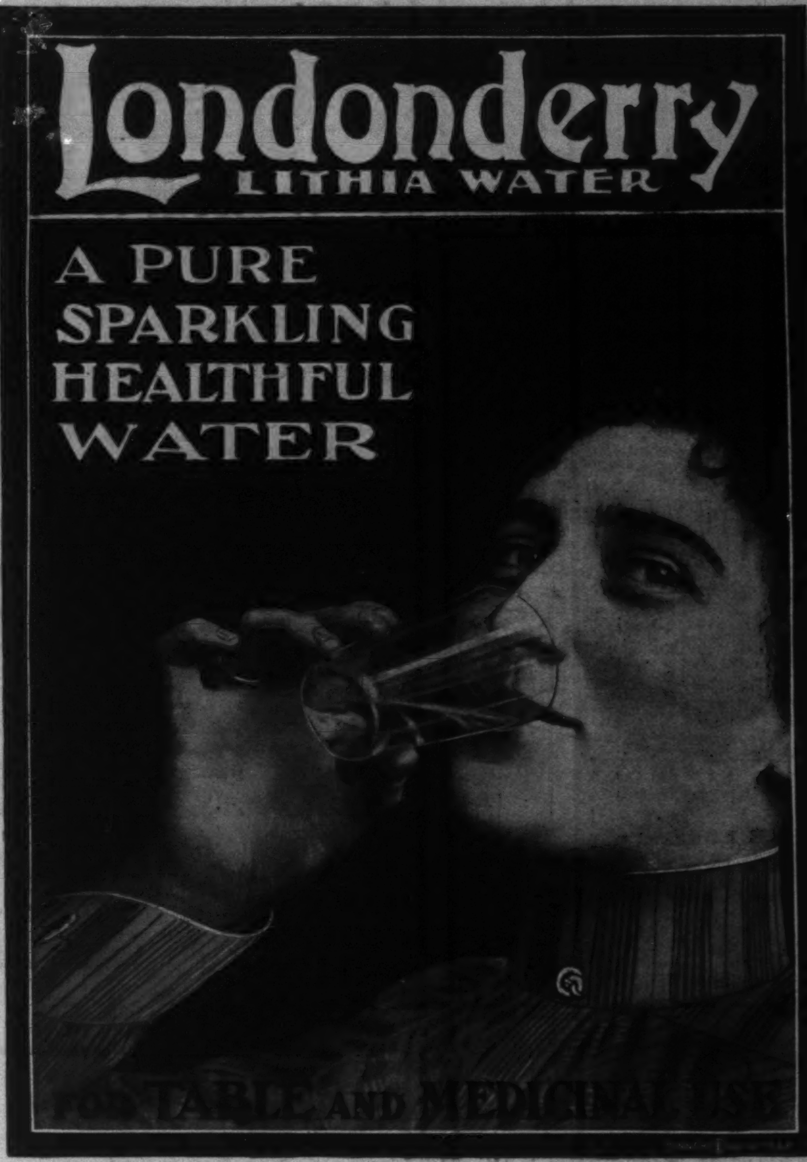
EARLY this month Germany sent word to the Peking government that if it did not suppress the anti-foreign society commonly known as "The Boxers," a demonstration would be made by German war-ships. The Boxers give themselves the more dignified name of "The Society of the Great Sword," referring to their emblem, which is pictured on their flag, but otherwise kept in seclusion, for none but a most uncommon giant could wield it. The Boxers have badly needed suppression ever since last October, but Germany took no steps till after 4000 of them, late in March, collecting on the surveyed route of the railroad which a German company has just begun to build, declared that the road should not be built and they would fight if the work continued.

The railroad is to extend from Kiaochau Bay across the province of Shantung, which juts far out into the Yellow Sea, and is the largest peninsula of China. This hilly province, more densely populated than Belgium, is the home of 36,000,000 people, and from many a hill the country far around looks like a vast city interspersed with garden-patches. In the more level western part the Hoang-ho flows in a broad and shallow channel to the sea, and too often spreads its floods over thousands of fields and hamlets. Shan-tung has to bear the brunt of this terrible affliction, and it is upon the dwellers in this broad, low plain that the Boxers have descended like another scourge.

The Boxers have their strongest organization in western Shan-tung. Their avowed purpose is to exterminate all foreigners and all natives who are "worse than foreigners," meaning the Christian converts. Their doings, however, since they began to raid villages in October, indicate that they can tolerate foreign teachers and their native followers if the price offered for immunity is large enough. They have killed no one nor destroyed mission property if the bribe was paid. Many unfortunates, however, had not the price, and hundreds of them have been most cruelly killed, and a great deal of mission property has been looted or destroyed. The Roman Catholics have been by far the worst sufferers. This region is one of their strongholds in China. Their chapels are found in many of the villages, and 12,000 of their converts live in Tsi-nan-fu, the capital of the province. The Church of England missions have also suffered severely in loss of property, and in the murder, under the most atrocious circumstances of the Rev. Sydney Brooks, who, in December, was tortured and finally stabbed to death.

These outrages, covering an area of several thousand square miles on both sides of the Hoang-ho, have extended east nearly to the walls of Tsi-nan-fu, and southward almost to the remarkable city of Kinfao, where Confucius was born, and which is inhabited almost exclusively by his descendants, of whom over 20,000 bearing his name live within the walls. One of the holy places of China, this city and the many temples around it are annually visited by thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the empire.

If it had not been for the treachery of Yu Hsien, Governor of Shan-tung, it is likely that the Boxers would have been punished and dispersed before the end of last year. He had orders from Peking to send his troops against them. He was compelled to put a force into the field, but their leaders must have misunderstood his secret instructions, for they met the Boxers and killed a hundred or more of them, whereupon the Governor degraded the victors and reported to Peking that they had been slaughtering innocent peasants and merchants. This made him very popular in the Society of the Great Sword, whose efforts to loot and kill were redoubled, and the mischief was done before the successor to the disobedient Governor arrived on the scene. In February the Empress Dowager issued a proclamation against the Boxers, who were really in revolt against the Peking government. It was thought the trouble was nearly over, when these foes of white men suddenly appeared on the railroad route with a challenge to the Germans, to whom China had promised, in the treaty of 1898, to "afford every facility and protection" in building and operating the road. Herr von Bülow, Minister of Foreign Affairs, announced the policy of Germany in such case, when he said in the Reichstag, a little over a year ago, "While Germany has no intention of interfering in the internal affairs of China, it is her duty to see that her moral and material interests are not affected by internal disorder in the empire."



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